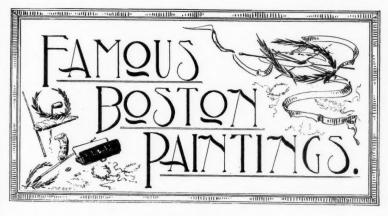
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## THE BOSTONIAN

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BY JOHN L. WRIGHT.



EAL art in New England may be said, perhaps, to have begun with Copley, who was born in Boston, in 1737, and during his life there

painted some three hundred portraits, most of which are to be found in Boston to-day.

Copley was such a slow and accurate workman, and was wont to require so many sittings in his portrait painting that some said of him, that when Copley undertook to paint the portrait group of a family, before he finished the wife died, and the husband had married again. The first wife was, therefore, represented as an angel and her terrestrial place was given to the second wife; but the latter died, also, before the painting was completed and

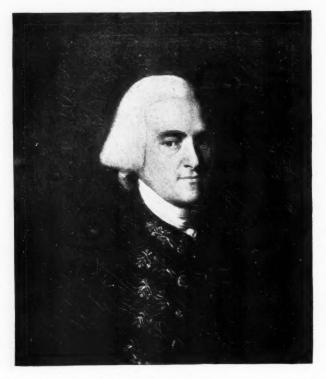
had to be placed aloft, while her successor occupied the centre of the family group.

Yes, Copley was slow, but if he was, he certainly must have been mightily industrious, for between 1754 and 1784 (the time at which he left Boston) he painted three hundred portraits and at most ridiculous prices, too. It is said that for his famous portrait of Hancock, he only charged eight guineas!

Any old Boston family is regarded as exceedingly unfortunate which does not possess at least one portrait of some old ancestor, signed by Copley. and, wherever we find these portraits, they always possess a certain peculiar angular elegance. Just as Bostonians count it rare fortune to own a Copley, so it seems particularly pleasing to know that they named the finest square in the city after their great painter.

Let us notice the well-known portraits

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JOHN HANCOCK. By J. S. Copley.

for a moment. Hancock's spare frame a costume of dark blue with trimmings of gold cord, grey wig, and grey hose. In his right hand he holds a pen, while the left rests upon a large account book spread open upon the table before him. He looks exceedingly neat, and bears a self-conceited, self-conscious air.

Samuel Adams we seem to have just detected in the act of making a speech, and, with his penetrating glance, mouth of determination, and decisive gesture, he stands forth the perfect embodiment of fiery patriotism and iron grit.

One of Copley's best works is his portrait of Mrs. Thomas Boylston. Per-

of John Hancock and Samuel Adams haps it may be said to rival even the old masters in its simplicity, repose, truthis seen at full length. He is seated-in ful portrayal, and refinement of feeling. The figure is three-quarters length. Mrs. Boylston is seated in a handsome chair covered with faded yellowish brocade, fastened on with brass headed nails. Her dress is of a light olive brown silk. She wears a white cap, one of the old, broad, muslin collars under a covering of black lace, white waist bands, and mitts of black silk. In the background is a curtain. The face is bright, expressive, and intelligent. Some one said Copley could paint nothing so well as his sitter's clothes. but this quiet, gentle, refined work shows signal ability in quite another

In the Fine Arts room of the old Bos-

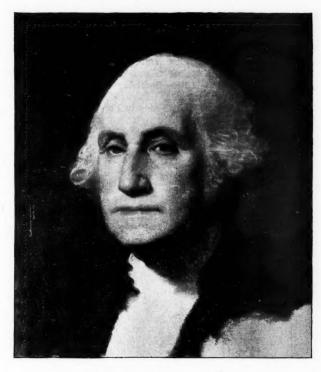


Painting by Mather Brown.

MUSIDORA.
"Its lovely quest the circling wave embraced."



Painting by Mather Brown. THE ANNUNCIATION.



GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Gilbert Stuart.

ton Public Library hung Copley's painting of Charles I. demanding in the House of Commons the Five Impeached Members, and a splendid example it is of Copley's later and brilliant style. The painting was executed in England, brought to this country and, in 1859, given to the Public Library by a number of appreciative and public spirited citizens.

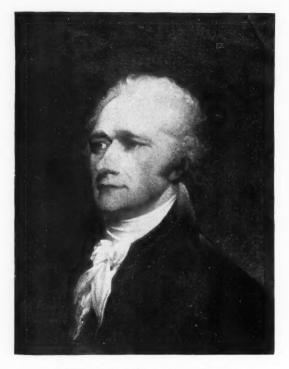
The historical facts upon which the scene is based are briefly these: Charles I. accused Pym, John Hampden, Hollis, Hasierlig, and Strode of high treason. June 2, 1641, Charles went to the House in quest of them. Ascending the steps leading to the speaker's chair, he demanded to know if the accused were there. The speaker declined to make reply, and it is this state of affairs Copley represents in the picture.

The king has just finished talking. and the speaker kneels and is answering in an air of abject meekness, but with sentences of boldest defiance. In the work are about sixty heads, taken, very likely, from works of Van Dyck and other contemporary artists or from busts. The king stands on the steps of the speaker's dais, in a rich costume, consisting of a cloak of blue velvet over a satin doublet, scarlet silk breeches, blue hose, and black hat with white plume. Taking with these, the brilliant colors, the fine fabrics, the swords, the rosettes on the shoes, the decoration and the blue ribbon upon the breast of Charles, and we have, surely, a striking scene, and one which any painter would delight in representing. But in the midst of all this brilliancy, our attention is especially drawn to the weak, good-natured face of Charles, which stands out in bold contrast with the brilliant minds about him. Around the hall are grouped the members, watching intently, with indignation and despair pictured upon their faces.

Between 1774 (when Copley left Boston) and 1806, when Gilbert Stuart appeared, there followed a long period

of mediocrity in Boston art. The only man of note at this time is Col. Jonathan Trumbull. The war of the Revolution was still in progress when he retired from the army and came to paint in the rooms which, years before, had been built for Smybert.

Though Trumbull made but a short stay in Boston, and his best works are

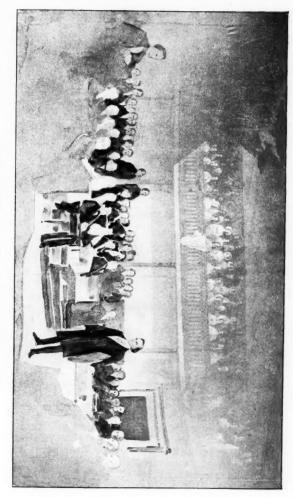


ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Jonathan Trumbull.

Mather Brown, a contemporary of Copley, was a Boston genius whom historians have overlooked. Why such is the case I am at a loss to understand. Born in the good old town, his friends knew of his talents as an artist, a talent which asserted itself when the boy was very young, much to the annoyance of the domestics who frequently found pictures drawn in charcoal on the white kitchen floor.

When quite a young man he went to the West Indies where he gained a reputation as a portrait painter. Shortly afterward he went to London, England, where he studied and soon became famous. His paintings were sold at fabulous prices and many of them now adorn the walls of the art galleries of royalty. So popular were his subjects that they frequently were copied on steel, a few prints of which are still in existence. Of these three are in the possession of his niece, who has kindly allowed me to photograph them for the benefit of the readers of the BOSTONIAN.

The "Annunciation" is in the church of St. Mary le Strand, located in London, England. The imprint on the mezzotinto is as follows: "Painted by M. Brown. Engraved by V. Green, Mezzotinto Engraver to His Majesty and to the Elector Pala-



WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE. By Jonathan Trumbull.



WASHINGTON ALLSTON. By C. Harding.

at Washington and New Haven, there is a good representative of his work in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, "Priam and the dead body of Hector." It was executed in the art gallery of Benjamin West, in London, and is one of Trumbull's earliest compositions.

tine. Pub. April 12, 1785, by V. Green and Son, No. 29 Newman Street, Oxford Street, London."

The "Musidora" bears the following inscription: "From the Original Painting by Mather Brown, and published by him No. 20 Cavendish Square, Oct. 1, 1802, as the Act directs." This engraving is printed in two colors, that is to say faint tints of red and green are introduced, but by what process we cannot say.— Editor.

At the portico of the stately palace of King Priam stands a group of sorrowing women. Among these are Andromache and Helen. They stand about Hecuba who, robed in red, throws her arms upward in an ecstasy of grief, as she steps forward with suffused eyes to view the dead body of Hector, which is being borne tenderly up the steps by a soldier and slave. Just beyond the funeral group comes the aged king and earnestly addresses a few words to his queen, frantic with grief. The corpse of the slain Hector is shrouded in white and the deadly wound is just

visible. Deep shadows cover the more remote surroundings. This great work, once seen, will make a deep and lasting impression, and able critics have said that Trumbull touched here a chord more genuine than any he struck in his pretentious historical paintings, and that he reached a higher level of expression.

bert Stuart who came to Boston in 1806. black hat. The figure of General Henry

In his painting, "Washington at Dorchester Heights," the figure of Washington is full of dignity and reserve force, but the accessories seem to be mainly a blaring combination of smoke and a wild, white horse. Washington wears a rich costume: a dark blue coat with brass buttons, buff facings and epaulettes, buff waistcoat, No name among Boston artists is held black stockings, a white "choker" in more loving esteem than that of Gil- , about the neck, and the three-cornered,



Belshazzar's Feast. By Washington Allston.

Stuart's portraits are full of strong, frank, honest character, just like the man himself. "Let nature tell in every part of your painting," was his council to young artists. "Be ever jealous about the truth." He had the rare and precious opportunity of living in England during that celebrated age of painting and associating with such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Benjamin West, Sir Henry Raeburn, and others who were the glory and pride of British art.

Knox in this picture is finely done. He rests one hand on his side and the other over against a cannon. His highly colored countenance, set off by thick, bristling, short, grey hair presents an exceedingly pleasing appearance from its whole-souled generosity, surmounting character of strong decision and great energy.

In 1818, Washington Allston came to Boston, at the age of thirty-five years, and passed the remainder of his life there and out at Cambridge. How



William Morris Hunt in his Studio.



Flight of Night. By William Morris Hunt.



THE PRODIGAL SON. By William Morris Hunt.

affectionately Longfellow says of him:—

There gentle Allston lived and wrought and died,

Transfiguring street and shop with his illumined gaze.

Allston possessed a peculiar nature. Being gifted with a highly imaginative and literary turn of mind, he was constantly filled with ideas which he was without the executive power to put upon the canvas. But his noble qualities as a man gained him popularity and friends wherever he went. He hoped to make "Belshazzar's Feast" his masterpiece. What he wanted to present is well worth noting: "I think the composition the best I ever made," he said. "It contains a multitude of figures, and (if I may be allowed to say so) they are without con-

says of fusion. Don't you think it a fine subject? A mighty sovereign surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revelry, palsied in a moment under the spell of a supernatural hand, suddenly tracing his doom upon the wall before him. His powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, wnile his heart, compressed to a point, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of his mysterious absence. His less guilty, but scarcely less agitated, queen. The panic-struck courtiers and concubines. The splendid and deserted banquet table. The half-arrogant and half-astounded magicians. The holy vessels of the temple shining, as it were, in triumph through the gloom, and the calm, solemn contrast of the prophet, standing like an animated pillar in the midst,



Automedon with the Horses of Achilles. By Henri Regnault.

breathing forth the oracular destruction of the empire."

Such was the ideal! Had he reached it, there would have been, indeed, a masterpiece. But what vast boundaries between the conception and the material execution! Allston did not finish the work fully, which, had he done so, would certainly have been a failure. As it is:—

In the centre, stands the prophet Daniel, but instead of being an "animated pillar," the figure is nothing but a repelling, stage-like pose. At the right of the foreground is the king, and a most miserable picture of pretended horror he is. The only figure in the whole work which appears to possess any spirit whatever is the queen. Still,

there are a number of meritorious features about the painting. Portions of the background convey the impression of having been of much better execution, and some of the colors are laid on with a very rich and beautiful effect, the yellow in particular. Unquestionably the work is far from what Allston hoped to create and, at this day, it seems strange that the man in his time was regarded as one of the greatest painters of the age. His friends even ranked him with the old masters. One well-known writer said that Allston was the first genius of the Western world. In select Boston circles, it was quite the thing to go into raptures over "The Spanish Girl," "The Roman Lady," or "Beatrice."



JEANNE D'ARC. By Bastien Le Page.

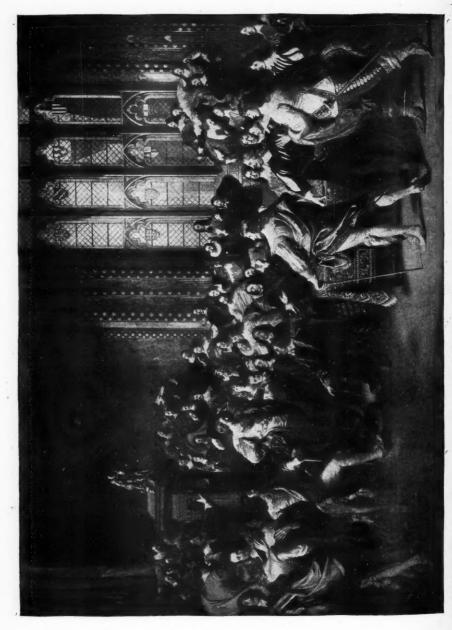
To the young lady portrayed as pining in love, Allston gave the romantic name of Rosalie. What an absurd creation she is! Staring out into space with vacant eyes and a pose befitting a theatrical play, Rosalie has a figure robust enough for an Irish dairy maid.

In his "Rising of a Thunderstorm at Sea," we find some rich, full, greyish and blue tones. In the distance is seen a ship and, tossed roughly about by the waves, is a pilot boat putting out for her.

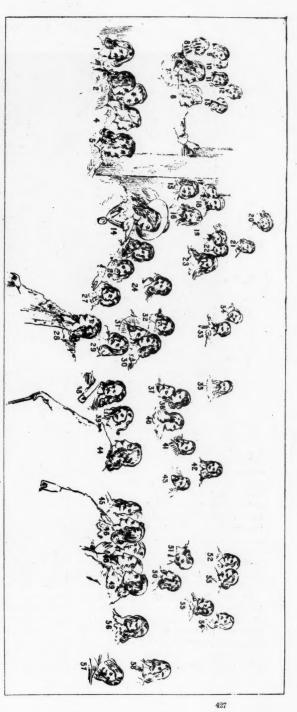
Lofty as Allston's aspirations were, and wide the space between them and his actual achievements upon the canvas, he nevertheless accomplished a remarkable work in art. He brought about a higher public regard for the artists' profession, led people to revere the artist's calling, made them under-

stand that pictures were not, necessarily, the productions of wild-eyed, strangely dressed, uncouth individuals with foreign accents, but that great paintings were the result of noble and lofty emotions.

G. P. A. Healy, born in 1808, died 1894, is famous for his pictures of eminent men. His best known work is "Webster's reply to Hayne," which is in Faneuil Hall. Among the faces seen in the one hundred and thirty figures which compose the painting are those of Judge Story, De Toqueville, Everett, Calhoun, Polk, Hayne, and Webster. The latter is portrayed as standing at his desk, in the central aisle fronting the president of the Senate. His form is erect, with the shoulders thrown well back. The left hand rests on the desk, while his right falls easily at his side.



KEY TO PAINTING OF CHARLES I. DEMANDING THE FIVE IMPEACHED MEMBERS



 Gites Strangwayes, Bridgort, B.
 Sir Ralph Hopton, Knight of the Bath, erasted Baron Hopton, of Stratton, Walls, C. 1. Sir Edmund Vermy, Enight, Marshal, Wisconth, B.

4. Endimion Porter, Droitwich, B.

6. Sir W. Waller, Knt. Andover, B.

23. Henry Jermyn, created Earl of St. Albana, St. Edof Dorset, Steyning, B. 22. Sergeant Maynard, Totness, B. 21. Richard Lord Buckhurst, eldest son of Edward, Earl 20. Arthur Goodwin, Buckingham 8h.

25. John Belasis, created Baron Belasis, of Worlaby. 24. John Lisle, Winchester, C.

13. Sir Martin Lyster, Kat., Brackley, B.

12. Sir Robert Harley, Knight of the Bath, Hereford Sh.

11. John Selden, Oxford Univ. 10. Sergeant Glynne, Westminster C. 9. Str T. Ros, Enight of the Bath, Oxford Unig-Sir Peter Temple, Kut. and Bart. Buckingham, T.
 Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, Knt. Suffolk.

19. William, Harrison, son of Sir John Harrison, Queen-17. Sir Benjamin Rudyard, Knt. Wilton, B. 18. Francis Rowse, Truro, B.

34. Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Bart, Colchester, R. 33. Sir John Hotham, Knt. and Bart, Beverly, S.

38. Oliver Cromwell, Cambridge, T. 25. Orlando Bridgeman, Wigan, B. St. Thomas Fanshawe, Knight of the Bath, created 39. Ferdinand Lord Fairfax, Yorkshire. 37. Major General Richard Brown, Wicomba, B. Lord Viscount Fanshawe, of Dromore, in Ireland,

42. Thomas Lord Gray, of Grooby, sidest son of the Marl 40. Nathaniel Fiennes, Bunbury, B.

44. Sir Berli Greenville, Kat. Cornwall.
48. Sir Phillip Warriek, Kat. Radnor, T.
46. Edward Hyde, ereated Earl of Clarendon, Saitash, B.
47. Geoffrey Palmer, Shamford, B.

Sir Henry Slingeby, Bart. Knaresborough, R.
 Sil. Sir John Coke, Knt. Derby, Sh.
 Roger Hill, Bridport, B.

48. Sir Edward Nicholas, Newton, B.
49. Phillip Lord Herbert, eldest son of Earl of Pembroke

and Mortgomery, Glamorgan.

John Hotham, Scarborough, B.
 Shr Dudley North, Kat. and Bart. (Ambridge, Sh.
 Shr William Widdrington, Bart. epasted Baron Widdrington of Blackmay, Northumberhand.

53. Edmund Waller, the Peci, St. Ives, B. 64. Sythney Godolphin, Helston, B. 65. Sir Heary Vann, Start, Knight, Wilson, 64. Lend Viscount Faltiand, Newport, B. 65. Runhworth, Clerk of the House.

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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. By G. P. A. Healy.

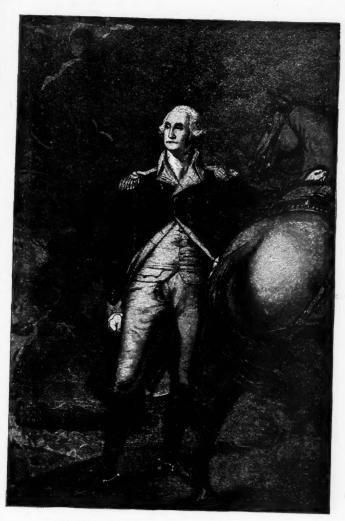
dress-coat over a buff waistcoat, a very light stock or "choker," black silk watch guard, and black trousers. Time has dulled the colors, and there is now very little life in the composition. Yet, the picture was received with great favor in Boston and, very probably, one strong reason for this was that so many prominent Massachusetts men were honored by being represented in the painting.

At the Museum of Fine Arts is Healy's portrait of Longfellow when a young man. The contrast between this work and the pictures of Longfellow in the usual engravings and woodcuts is very striking. In these, we see him Phillips, and Col. Robert G. Shaw. as a meditative, philosophical, grey Shaw is seen in full uniform-of

He wears a dark blue, brass buttoned haired, old man-here he is an enthusiastic young professor.

> William Page lived in Boston from 1844 to 1847, and produced some of the finest portraitures yet known to the United States. At the Museum of Fine Arts is his portrait of John Adamsa strong, intellectual work. Adams wears a black coat, with white vest, and holds a cane in one hand, while the other rests upon a table near him. The broad, intellectual forehead calls attention to his powerful mind, and his other vigorous individual characteristics are fully brought out.

> Among Page's other portraits are those of James Russell Lowell, Wendell



WASHINGTON AT DORCHESTER HEIGHTS. By Gilbert Stuart.

thoughtful and intelligent bearing, he was a noble type of the student volunteer. The flesh is executed with surprising accuracy, and almost seems the real, living attribute, while the strong manly and moral qualities of Col. Shaw are forcibly presented.

Page was a close student of Shakespeare and Titian, but, unfortunately, at a low ebb, William M. Hunt came to

"Sure am I that no nobler, gentler, or purer spirit than yours was ever appointed by the Eternal Beauty to bear that part of her divine message which it belongs to the great painter to reveal."

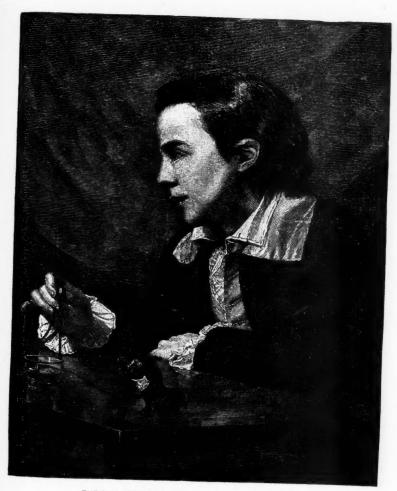
Just before the Civil War, at a time when art in New England was generally



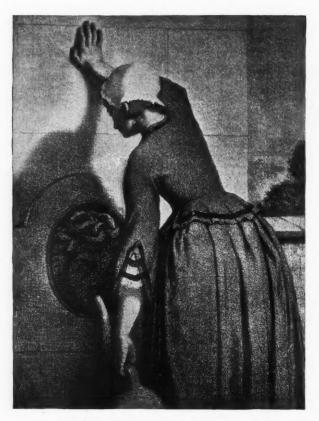
GILBERT STUART. By John Neagle.

especial talent was that of thorough penetration. He always studied his subject to the utmost. Lowell, in 1844, dedicated his poems to Page in the following words:-

this admiration and study of Titian Ied Boston. This man was a painter enhim into a struggling mimicry in his dowed with rare talent and possessed later years, and caused his work to with the unusual faculty of being able lose all the individuality which characto impart to his pupils his own exalted terized his former productions. Page's ardor for the profession. His works are full of impulsiveness coupled with a strong classical quality. Art received a new inspiration from Hunt's deep and earnest.enthusiasm, and although he was a severe critic, he was respected,



THE BOY AND THE SQUIRREL. By John Singleton Copley.



THE GIRL AT THE FOUNTAIN. By William Morris Hunt.

for his criticisms were just and came from one thoroughly imbued with the desire to uplift the general tone of art. He was an intense and patient worker, and whether he was greeted with a potion of fulsome laudation or envious slurs, it seemed to make little difference with him. Hunt meant to appeal to the heart and not to the mere passing fancy of the fickle, popular taste. In numberless ways, Hunt worked a great transformation in art at Boston; one such as had not been dreamed of since the days of Allston.

"Prodigal Son," "Girl Reading," and "Girl at the Fountain."

The "Prodigal Son" is a work which displays, to the fullest degree, Hunt's deep conception. The figures are three and of life size. The prodigal, in a paroxysm of shame and humility, hides his face upon his father's breast. The old man raises up his boy and, with his eyes lifted to the heavens, reveals in one look the dreadful sorrow through which he has passed, and his unutterable love for his son. What fidelity is exhibited in this painting! That look of the father's speaks plainer In the Museum of Fine Arts are his than words the anguish that has rent his heart and his gratitude at the return of his boy. At a little to the left stands a spectator, looking upon the pathetic meeting with an air of indifference. Hunt in none of his works surpassed this in delicacy and refinement of feeling.

In the "Girl at the Fountain," we see a lithe, comely maiden attired in a brown gown and airy, light cap. She holds, in her right hand, a jug into which the water flows from the mouth of a carved head, set into a stone wall, while she rests her left hand upon the wall to steady her weight as she leans forward to fill the jug. Her back is toward us and we catch but a glimpse of her charming figure. The pose, though an odd one, is full of rustic grace and simplicity. In the distance, at the left, is a bit of landscape, and over all shines the warm, bright sunshine of a summer's day.

The study, designed to be a panel, entitled "The Discoverer," in the Capitol at Albany, represents a woman holding in her uplifted hand a piece of waving drapery which the breezes fill out, like a sail. In her left hand, she holds the tiller of the discoverer's barque. The work is executed with classical taste, and is full of harmony and grace.

Among the contemporaries of Hunt stands Thomas Robinson, a native of Nova Scotia, born in 1835. He was a landscape and animal painter, and possessed strong and remarkable qualities as an artist, a broad acquaintance and deep appreciation of both ancient and modern art, and a warm, generous, and loving heart. These qualities deservedly gave him a high place in Boston art circles. Robinson was a faithful and ardent disciple of Courbet. His paintings of animals are full of life and spirit, and bring out the noblest attributes of the brute order. He had an especial fondness for horses and, in his early work, painted a great many pictures of them, which were characterized, chiefly, by minute accuracy, and showed his careful appreciation of the fine points in the noblest of brutes. In his maturer years, Robinson became freer in the use of his brush and, although his works betray the French school, he was not an imitator, for he constantly made as great progress in the personality of his work as in the vigor of his style.

The most striking quality of Robinson's landscapes is their rugged grandeur. The delicious odor of the very earth itself seems to come from some of his rugged foregrounds. Most of his landscapes were done amid the beautiful scenery about Newport. They are clear and rich in tone, vivid and truthful, and would easily bear comparison with any of the great painters.

After his death, in March, 1888, over one hundred of his paintings were sold at auction, for ten thousand dollars. A number of persons who appreciated something of Robinson's worth purchased his "Ploughing," and presented it to the Museum of Fine Arts.

This work is very like a Millet. In the foreground, which rises gradually to the near horizon, lies the rich upturned mold. The patient oxen are forcing the plowshare into the stubborn earth. All is brought out in a strong, rugged, truthful manner. The glossy backs of the lumbering oxen and the rich, dark tint of the fresh, moist earth are as true as the reality.

A work which has been one of the chief features of the gallery since it was placed there, in 1877, is "La Curée," (The Quarry) by Courbet. It is six feet in height by two feet in width, and was bought by the Allston Club, in 1866, for five thousand dollars. Critics were prone to ridicule the new work, and only artists seemed to appreciate the painting. At the disbanding of the Allston Club, the picture, after passing through several hands, was mounted in the Museum of Fine Arts. Courbet highly appreciated the honor of having the painting purchased by Americans and exhibited in an American gallery and, subsequently, he sent over several large lithographic reproductions.

The prevailing color of the painting

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This picture has been removed to the residence of the owner.



It is a summer's day, deep in the midst of a forest of pines. Glancing here and there, through the tree-tops, are bright rays of sunlight. A deer, which has been killed in the chase, hangs by the hind leg to a tree-trunk, the head and breast resting upon the earth. Near by are two hunting dogs, one looking eagerly at the carcass and longing to seize hold of it, the other, acting the part of a guard, sees that the meat is unmolested. A little to the rear stand two hunters, one of them leans against a tree, smoking. wears a dark, soft hat, short jacket, brown trousers, and grey jacket and raw hide shoes. Upon his left sits the gamekeeper at the foot of a second tree. He has a horn raised to his lips and, with his ruddy cheeks distended to their utmost, is blowing the signal to call up the other hunters. He has his coat off and wears a brown cap, red waistcoat and light trousers. In studying this work, one is especially attracted by the vividness and brightness of the green and brown tints. Every detail is executed with rare faithfulness and in this respect, it would be difficult to find a painting more to be admired. The glossy coat of the deer, the hides of the dogs, the tree-trunks, are true as life. The plan of work is solid and simple. There is nothing hidden. On close inspection, even the mark of the brush and knife can be plainly seen.

<sup>1</sup>In all probability, the picture that is best known of any in the Museum is the "Joan of Arc" by Bastien Le Page, because critics have differed so widely in their views concerning it, one seeing nothing meritorious and another lauding it in the most extravagant style. The painting was executed at the native village of Le Page, Domvilliers, in 1879. Without doubt the picture contains many glaring faults which painters will not overlook, but the

strange, spiritual beauty seen in the face of the Maid of Orleans is so striking that it never fails to make a deep impression upon whoever views the picture. There is a sort of calm eloquence in that face. Though the maiden is evidently of mean birth, and her garments coarse and rude, yet the impression of purity conveyed by her mute, appealing glance certainly bespeaks a great painting. The whole story of the cruelty practised against this fanatical defender of liberty is spoken here.

The painting of "Automedon with the horses of Achilles" is a work full of fire and passion, and was probably the work which first told the world that here was a genius. Parisian critics, however, quarrelled as savagely over the works of Regnault as they had over De la Croix. Here, in Regnault's own words in his picture:—

"A young Greek, Automedon, is bringing in from the shores of the Scamander the divine horses of Achilles, those steeds whose golden manes fell clear to the ground. I have conceived a movement for my young man (the model) which is admirable. He is between his horses and running toward the spectator, holding a horse with each hand. The horses present themselves almost full front, one of them is rearing and the other throws his head to one side, in an attempt to get away from the hand that holds him. The sky is overcast with storm clouds. A leaden sea begins its sullen heaving, though still on its surface it seems asleep. A dreary ray of sunlight shines upon the rocky and sterile coast in a wan glimmer. The horses, knowing that their master will take them into the combat, and that this fight will be the last, resist and struggle with the servant who has come to bring them in from their pastures. One of them, a dark bay, rises like a great, sombre phantom in a silhouette against the sky. . . . An artist ought to let himself go and give himself up to the various impressions he feels in the presence of nature, and he ought not to reject or despise half

By

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A few years ago this painting was taken to New York.

his good impressions just because they scape is full of deep, rich tints and are not accepted by his school or set."

ing in the United States!" The land- dangerous to other art students.

bold contrast, but the painting is not of even merit as a whole, yet to the The opinions which Regnault so young artist who could do such work frankly declares in his letter were fear- as this it would have been a gross inlessly followed out on the canvas. One justice to exclude the painting from critic thinks the figure of the servant the Museum (as was proposed) on the the best life-size and full-length draw- fancied ground that it might prove





By S. ALICE RANLETT



E had been all the afternoon driving up the valley of the Wild River; that enchanting stream at every turn and twist and leap, and

these were many, displayed some new charm of rippling rapids, or foaming falls, or green pellucid pools, or shallows shining over mosaic beds of bright pebbles, or smooth mirrors reflecting exquisite foliage shadows. Now the wonderful waters were roaring lion-like about great boulders or through narrow, rocky ravines, and now they were a very lamb in mildness, smooth and quiet, with wild roses and meadow-sweet nodding upon the grass-grown brink. But it was never the same at any two points, and its ever-varying charms made an Arcadian highway of the narrow, rough road, for which it scarcely left room in the valley, where, in the long ago ages, it had carved out a deep, beautiful setting for its own jewel-like

When we could persuade ourselves to

turn our eyes from the river, there were the woods, deep and dark, exhaling delicious forest perfumes and showing wonderful shadows flickering in their leafy depths, playing upon the bosky ferns and velvet mosses. And now and again, at some opening, there was revealed a glimpse of the mountains with rugged, rocky flanks, piling themselves against the sky in masses of rich color, green and olive and bronze, with here and there a ghost-like white cliff or the scarring trail left by a landslide.

While river, woods, and mountains had delighted our eyes, our way had been further beguiled by our New England charioteer who was well informed in many matters, including the affairs past, present, and, perhaps, future, of his own little village to which we were journeying on our summer pilgrimage. Of course, he was well read in newspapers and magazines, and could discuss, with the knowledge born of information and his own shrewd New England intelligence, the questions agitating the great world which seemed so far away from his own hill country.

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And he did discuss, and well discuss, many of these themes, but seeing our interest in the region through which we were driving, with the courtesy with which country people give information to their ignorant city visitors, he talked to us chiefly of the Wild River Valley

and its people.

At the few widely separated farmhouses which we passed, the occupants appeared to exchange greetings with our driver, James Willey, and to pick up the newspapers which he threw out to them. And these people served as the text for many a narrative, interesting in its simple pathos of every-day life, and he told us of the neighboring mountains and streams, and of the prospects for fishing and hunting, and of the landslides, fresnets, and forest-fires which had, from time to time, devastated the country. Nor did he disdain, occasionally, to call attention to some fine view. But especially he told us of the little hill-surrounded village to which we were bound.

"Our place ain't so big as Boston, mebbe," said he, after a sketch of the situation and attractions of the village, "an' we ain't got no doctor, nor lawyer, nor minister, nary one, an' we don't need none; but we've got a post-mistress that's wuth the whole lot, an' it's quite a story, how she come there."

We politely expressed our interest in the story of the Pasceola post-mistress

and he continued:-

"You see, in early war-times, things wuz hummin' up our way. The farmers wuz doin' well, an' there ain't no farms in the state to beat ourn, an' then there wuz four saw-mills in full swing; you see the woods and the river wuz both handy. Wal, our folks warn't very patriotic, an' a good many were kind o' 'fraid of the draft an' kind o' mad about it, an' went away, an' a few went off to the war, an' then there were the bounty-jumpers. You see, farmers ain't much accustomed to ready money, an' when they got five or six hundred dollars they felt rich, an' instead of going south they just stepped over the line into Canady. No, sir," in answer to our mischievous glance of inquiry. "No, sir, I warn't no bounty-jumper an' I warn't drafted either. I," and a proud gladness shone upon the man's weather-beaten face, "I was a volunteer, wounded in the hip at Gettysburg an' I've been lame ever since, but I can do somethin' at farmin' an' drivin', an' I'm glad I went, anyhow, an' I'd do it again if I got wounded in both hips. But I tell you, with the men gone, things in Pasceola got pretty dark-lookin' in those days.

"The saw-mills stopped runnin' an' after a while they rotted away. Wal, you'll see 'em there, all in wrack, an' more than half the farms abandoned, weeds and thistles growin' all over the prettiest intervale in New Hampshire.

"Wal, among our folks here at that time, wuz Ruel Fenton, a good, steadygoin', honest man; but the outlook wuz pretty poor an' the bounty business jist druv him crazy, an' he jumped, an' left his wife an' two children, a boy an' a gal, meanin', of course, to get into some business over to Canady, an' then send for them. But he did not do it,-them fellers, a good many of 'em, didn't have much luck, I've noticed,-an' so the old lady, she kind of worried along with the farm a spell, goin' from bad to worse, an' then she up an' died, an' so did the boy; an' the gal,-her name wuz Faith, wuz left all alone.

"Ruel's brother, James, he'd gone out to Ohio, years before, an' settled in the Western Reserve an' done well there, an' he took the gal home to his folks. James Fenton, he went to the war, an' got to be general before the end, an' Faith got pretty patriotic notions in his family an' among them Western Reserve folks, an' she grew up a genuine country-lover, an' she felt awful bad when she wuz old enough to understand how her father forsook his country an' sold his birthright, as 'twere. An' she did all that she could for the soldiers. She used to pick lint, child as she was, and make bandages, and knit, an' she'd go without new clothes an' not eat no sugar nor butter nor the like of that an' beg her aunt to send the money to the war. An' when she was grown up, there warn't nothin' she wouldn't do for anybody who came along with an army blue coat or a brass button, tramps

or anybody as long as she supposed they wuz men who'd fit in the war, an' she did get took in a good many times. She's a great friend of mine, Faith is."

This last was an aside, contemplative remark and in such utter unconsciousness of the obvious connection that we did not interrupt the story to introduce our laugh, and Willey continued.

"The one object of her life wuz to do somethin' for the country an' somehow kind o' make up for what her father had done, an' she had a kind of an idee that she'd like to do it right here in Pasceola where his disgrace wuz, as 'twere.

"Wal, after the war, a spell, Faith was grown up an' she was well eddicated an' independent like, didn't want her uncle to take care of her, so she set out a teachin' school, an' she applied for the district-school up in Pasceola. There wuz some trouble about it, Mis' Allbright, she wanted her Amelia to have it, but Amelia had tried it one term an' she was a kind of hity-tity an' couldn't keep no order, an' Faith she wuz well recommended, so the school committee, they give it to her, an' she done well from the beginnin'.

"The children jest hung round her like a flock of lambs; an' the young gals, they tried to copy Faith, do up their hair the same way an' all that, an' I don't wonder they did, for she was pretty to look at, slim and straight, with brown hair that always looked as if the sun was shinin' in it, an' great earnest grey eyes; an' the big boys,-you know there's most always trouble with them in district-school, - but Faith she wouldn't stand no nonsense, - you'd know she wouldn't by her eyes,-an' the great strappin' fellows minded her as well as the five-year-olds an' they liked her, too. An' then, she was well eddicated; there warn't no sum in the arithmetic that could stick her.

"Wal, she'd been here a year or so when old Mis' Macomber who'd been post-mistress, died, an' folks wanted Faith to take the post-office, an' General Fenton, he was well known in Washington, an' they didn't know nothin' about Ruel's doin's, so she got the place easy. An' then she fixed up

the old Fenton house a little so's she could live in it an' have the front room for the post-office.

"You see the general, he'd paid the taxes all along, an' so they'd kept the place, though it was all run out into pasture-land, an' the house was a wrack an' ruin, an' once 'twas one of the finest farms in the valley. You'll see for yourselves.

"But I mustn't forget to tell you about Faith's school. She taught them youngsters everything that the law an' the committee-men required, an' there couldn't no fault be found. An' then she got time over an' above to teach 'em to love their country. I can't tell you all how she done it. She trained 'em right up in United States history an' Constitution, an' she had heaps of books to read to 'em an' lend 'em. Them, her Ohio friends sent her, an' them's the only thing she'd let 'em give her; an' she had the children learn patriotic songs an' all sorts of patriotic pieces to speak, an' she talked to 'em, an' she got up a school battalion. There warn't a great many scholars in our district-school, an' she took in boys an' gals, an' the gals liked it just as well as the boys, an' it did not do 'em a mite of harm; an' for Faith, why, I b'lieve she knew as much about tactics as any officer in the army, an' then I used to help drill the young uns sometimes. We had a drum-corps, too, an' when there was any frolic down the valley, they always wanted the Pasceola battalion an' drum-corps.

"An' the first thing that gal did when she moved into the schoolhouse was to hang over it the stars-and-stripes, an' she explained to the children, in a solemn way, what that flag stood for, an' she taught them a little pledge like to be faithful to it all their lives, an' every mornin' when school begun, after they'd read a chapter an' said the Lord's Prayer, they marched out an' saluted the flag an' said their pledge. I've read in the papers that they do this now in a good many schools down to the cities, but in them days 'twas somethin'

Washington, an' they didn't know nothin' about Ruel's doin's, so she got the place easy. An' then she fixed up talk an' seein' the flag an' all, the old

folks got to be so, too, an' they hadn't been so true as they might be in wartimes. There ain t a house in Pasceola now that ain't got a flag of its own. An' if anything should happen,—may the Lord grant it never may,—but if anything should happen to the old flag, I guess every man in Pasceola would fly to its rescue, an' I d'know but the women-folks would go too!

"Wal, it's a matter of twenty years an' more since Faith come back to our place, an' she's had the trainin' of a good many boys an' gals in that time, an' they mostly don't stay here; they're out an' about, most everywhere in the world, an' wherever they be, sir, they're true to the old flag. Some of the gals is married an' got families, an' I tell you, if they ain't bringin' up their young ones correct, an' some of 'em is teachin' school an', long o' the rest, they all teach country; an', fact, I d'know but it wuz one of our Pasceola gals down in New York, that first started down there the idea of salutin' the flag, an' put it into the head of the school-committee men.

"An' our boys, - wal, they've got chances to teach America, too. Two of the Pasceola boys are at the head of big manufacturing businesses, an' there's an American flag a-flyin' on top them factories; an' two of 'em is teachin' in colleges, an' they've got somethin' to say to the risin' generation; an' one is in the United States House of Representatives, an' he's needed there; an' one is our representative to State Legislature; an' one is the captain of a highflyin' liner, carryin' Old Glory a-floatin' above her, back an' forth across the Atlantic Ocean; an' one is the mayor of a big city, an' we are kind of proud of him, as well as some other folks.

"So, you see, Faith ain't worked in vain to pay off her father's debt. An' here's Pasceola!"

A beautiful intervale lay before us; rich, broad fields waving with June grass, golden-green in the sunset light; the river wound placidly through the meadows, and scattered white farmhouses with spacious barns dotted the valley, while around the wide amphitheatre rose, on every side, mountains with undulating slopes and wild preci-

pices and threatening crags and pinnacles. One rose close upon another, making about the peaceful valley a glorious barrier flooded with purple mountain light.

As we drove on, we passed many deserted houses, empty shells with ghostly, gaping doors and windows. or black skeleton frames, and some were buried under the low green mounds with straggling lilac-bushes blooming around them, and distorted apple-trees, fair even in neglected old age with their delicate pink blossoms. The evening air was sweet with the delicious odor from field and orchard. In the disfance, upon the river-bank, were the ruined saw-mills of the old days and the two new and active mills, which seemed to us more melancholy objects with their yawning jaws rapidly devouring the mountain forests of fir and maple.

"There's Pasceola post-office!" said Willey, "an' there's Faith a-standin' in the door!" and with a flourish we drow up a little ascent to the wide, closely trimmed dooryard of a tidy white house overgrown with vines and flowers. The legend Pasceola Post-office appeared at the side of the door, and from a tall pole before it floated the stars and stripes, and back of it lay fair, broad acres of garden and grass-land.

Willey drew from beneath the wagonseat the little mail-bag with its dozen letters and its twoscore Boston dailies, and passed it with a soldierly salute to the post-mistress. She was a slight, erect woman wearing a simple gown of white woollen stuff, with a tiny silken flag for a breast-knot. The sunshiny brown hair of which Willey had spoken was a little less bright by the twenty years of service to her country, but the clear grey eyes were deep and true and earnest, and convinced us in our momentary glance, that the Pasceola postmistress would be faithful in the least and in the greatest.

As we drove on to our inn a mile farther up the intervale, Willey described with his thumb a backward curve, intended to include in its sweep the fine farm we had just left, saying. "'Long o' all the rest, she's brought the old farm right up, too. She's a

duty to the land and it hadn't ought to be let run out. She's a practical farmer, an' for a spell when she didn't have much ready money, - districtschool don't pay over-an'-above well,she worked herself right out in the field, but now she's made the farm pay an' she can afford to hire men, but she directs still. She learned a good deal about farmin' from books. Folks kind of laughed at first about book-farmin', but they found that she got the crops, an' they soon took hold an' followed her ways, if they wuz book ways."

"Your post-mistress is a wonder," said I. "You'll make her queen among you yet."

"Wal, I d'know but what you're right about the queen business," answered

notion that the good citizen has got a Willey, "but I'm afraid it won't be us she'll queen it over. She's got other missionary work on hand. You see, a Western man, governor of the State of -, come up here a-fishin', last spring, an' he did do some tall fishin', but he found somethin' a sight better than trout up here. An' Faith, wal, she thought he'd do. He's a risin' politician an' they say it's more than likely that in ten years time he may move on to Washington, to please the people. An' if Faith can make a patriot out of a politician. I guess it's her plain duty. an' I guess she can do it, too! The governor is a square man an' I ain't got nothin' to say against him, an' if he an' Faith want to move into the White House, one o' these days, the Pasceola folks will do all they can to help about the movin'."





BY ALFRED HENNEQUIN, Ph.D.

## CHARACTERS:

HENRY THURSTON	,		As	sistant	Tutor	of Gre	ek at	Harva	rd	University.
MRS. DOLBEAR,								His	Mo	ther-in-law.
VIOLET										His Wife

Scene-Supper-room in Thurston's house at Cambridge. The table is set and Mrs. Dolbear and Thurston stand behind their respective chairs, as though waiting for the remaining member of the household. As the curtain rises, Thurston, who is a small-sized, youngish man, bald and spectacled, waves his right hand as a closing gesture of speech which he has apparently been delivering with some warmth. His lips twitch nervously and his expiring emotion manifests itself by slight ripples of his coat-tail, under which he has thrust his left hand.

Mrs. Dolbear (tapping her foot impatiently).-If you continue this discussion any longer, Henry, you will be late to your class. Call Violet, and let us sit down to lunch.

Thurston (going towards the door) .point, Aunt Clara.

Mrs. D. (wearily).-I have been thinking so for some time, my dear.

Thurston (coming back).- Enough, I mean, to convince you that your ideas about the education of women are hopelessly archaic. You must grant that my argument is conclusive.

Mrs. D.-Oh, it was an argument, then?

Thurston (much irritated).-What did you suppose it was?

Mrs. D.-A procession of glittering generalities, headed for nowhere in particular.

Thurston.-I can descend to particulars, if you like.

Mrs. D.—It would be refreshing.

Thurston.-You have at last forced me to speak plainly, Mrs. Dolbear. I can cite no better instance of the lame and impotent results of your theories than the education of your own daughter. I I think I have said enough on this am disappointed in her. Herintellectual training is not such as befits the consort of the assistant tutor of Greek at Harvard University.

Mrs. D.—The gift of prophesy not being hereditary in our family, Mr. Thurston, I had no means of foretelling that she would marry an assistant tutor at Harvard University,—especially one who received his appointment two months after the marriage.

Thurston.—But you knew that my cousin was to marry me. That had been a tradition in our families for years. At the time of our marriage, six months ago, you knew that I was a man of studious pursuits and cultivated tastes, a graduate of Harvard University. You knew that my intellectual endowments were, if I may say so, much above the average. You knew, furthermore, that your daughter's mind was little better than a vacuum.

Mrs. D. (coldly).—As I educated her myself—

Thurston. — Precisely. Recognizing your own incompetency, you should have supplemented your rudimentary instruction with a course in some reputable institution—let us say Harvard University. Merely as a matter of curiosity, I should like to know what you did teach her.

Mrs. D. (calmly).—Politeness, my dear. Thurston (ignoring the thrust).—She is unacquainted with even the rudiments of English history. I shall never forget one day when I took her to see a famous picture on exhibition in New York, illustrating a scene from Shakespeare. She asked me the subject of the picture, to which I replied that it represented Wolsey. "Oh," said she, naïvely, "is that the man who invented linsey-woolsey dresses?" Everybody around us laughed, and I dragged her away as fast as possible.

Mrs. D.—Being only a mortal, I presume that she had forgotten—

Thurston.—The very point. If she had been educated at Harvard University, she would have had those subjects so vividly impressed upon her mind that she could not forget them.

Mrs. D. (dropping her ironical tone and speaking with conviction).—If I had sent her to Harvard University, I should have believed that I was committing a crime against her future husband.

Thurston.—Whom you considered an ignoramus."

Mrs. D.—Whom I considered a man of intelligence and tact-and even of common sense. I wished to reserve for him the precious privilege of developing her intellect and directing her tastes. You would have a young girl leap full-armed from your Harvard University like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. My ideas are doubtless very primitive, but is there not some danger when you have formed a woman's mind in your educational mould that you will form at the same time a spirit of contradiction, even of hostility? May not her ideas, thus rigidly fixed, run some risk of conflicting with those of her husband? Might not it happen that the intellectual inferiority would be found on the husband's side? It is my belief that a mother is doing her whole duty by her daughter when she simply prepares the way for the cultivation which the husband should find it his chiefest pleasure to impart. It was thus that I understood my duty-and I fulfilled it. Permit me to ask you how you have fulfilled yours.

Thurston.—I am sorry to disturb your maternal illusions, but the fact is, your daughter's disposition is so entirely frivolous that I consider her incapable of the least application. What are you laughing at?

Mrs. D.—Excuse me. I couldn't help it.

Thurston.—It is no laughing matter. Let me ask you, how does she spend her time?

*Mrs. D.*—Not in conversing with you, certainly.

Thurston.—And why not? Because we found conversation impossible.

Mrs. D.—You talked Greek to her.

Thurston.—I talked literature, science, politics, art. I knocked at every door of her intellect and found them all closed. Ever since we returned from our wedding tour, three months ago, I have been spending my time in my class-room and my study, and she has been spending hers, Heaven knows how—in gossiping, making calls, reading novels, and—that last infirmity of feminine minds—shopping. Of late she seems to be seized with a mania for

novel-reading. She has a drawer of will amuse me. It will seem like old her bureau full of them, and keeps them under lock and key. Yesterday, when I entered her room unexpectedly, she threw a book into the drawer and blushed crimson. I fear-

Mrs. D. (laughing heartily).-Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you great goose in spectacles! Do you know what my frivolous, idle, incompetent daughter has been doing ever since college opened? Do you know what she keeps locked in that bureau drawer? Note-books, sir; notebooks crowded with notes on, I should think, half the courses in Harvard University.

Thurston (after a moment of speechlessness).-Wh-what? Do you mean to say that she has been attending lectures?

Mrs. D .- You shall see. (Going to the door.) Violet! Violet! Lunch has been waiting ever so long.

Thurston .- How can I thank you? Mrs. D.-Don't. I was opposed to it. It was all Violet's idea.

(Violet appears on the threshold in the person of a piquant little brunette with curly hair, roguish eyes, and a mouth whose corners insist upon turning up, in spite of all her efforts to draw them down into the firmness befitting a tutor's wife.)

Violet.-I'm not the least bit hungry. I was so interested in-(seeing that something has happened)-Why, what's the matter?

Mrs. D .- I know you will scold me, Violet, but your husband became so impertinent that I had to tell him all.

Violet .- Oh, mamma! (to Thurston). You aren't very angry, are you?

Thurston.-Angry? My dear girl, it was noble of you; it was heroic. (They seat themselves at table.) What astonishes me is that you have kept your secret so well.

Violet.-Oh, the fibs it has taken to throw you off the trail! I thought of taking the course in ethics just to restore my moral tone.

Thurston.-Have some of this cold beef. It is delicious. You must show me all your note-books, Violet. They

times.

Violet .- You shall see them all; and, what's more, you must help me with my formulæ.

Thurston (stops eating, with his fork half-way to his mouth) .- Your formulæ!

Violet.-Yes. Such desperate problems as we have in chemistry to-morrow! But it will be just fun for you, won't it?

Thurston (unenthusiastically).-Y-e-es. So you are studying chemistry?

Violet .-- If you don't believe it, ask me some questions. Come, that will be jolly. Not too hard ones, though.

Thurston (perplexed).-Hem! Let me see-hem!-well, well-

Mrs. D.-It is growing dark, dear, I'm afraid you will have to light the gas

Thurston (brightening up).-Oh, yes. What is gas?

Violet .- What gas?

Thurston.-Why, gas-just gas-ordinary gas.

Violet .- Oh, you mean illuminating gas. That's carburetted hydrogen.

Thurston (clapping his hands).-Bravo! Good! Good! (To Mrs. D.) You see; she knows chemistry like a book.

Violet.-Will you please pass me the NaCl?

(Thurston, after a moment's hesitation, hands her the vinegar cruet.)

Violet .- No, no, Henry; I said chloride of sodium, and you are giving me acetic

(Thurston reaches out frantically for the pepper, the mustard, and the water pitcher in rapid succession.)

Violet .- No, no, no, no! Oh, dear-the salt!

Thurston (mopping his forehead) .-Those chemical formulas have changed a great deal since my day. I don't like a science that changes color every year, like a chameleon. Now history, for instance, you can rely on. It's the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Are you up in English History, my dear?

Violet.-I-I had so many other things.

mustn't overwork. I'll coach you up a little in your history some day. Don't be too ambitious.

Mrs. D.—No—ahem!—by that sin fell the angels.

Thurston .-- Ah, that reminds mewould you like to have me tell you who Wolsey was, my dear?

Violet.-Oh, I know that. Henry the Eighth's Prime Minister; succeeded Fox in 1515; deposed in 1530, because not enthusiastic about Henry's divorce; died in the tower in 1531.

Thurston .- Eh? Your dates are-erapproximately accurate. And in that picture we saw, what was he saying to Oliver Cromwell? Remember?

Violet.—To Oliver Cromwell? Nothing. Thurston .- Oh, don't you know your Shakespeare?

Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell, Had I but served my God with half the zeal,-

and so on. You must read your Shakespeare, my dear; it will help you with your history.

Violet.-But that isn't Oliver Cromwell. He doesn't come until sixteen hundred and something. Shakespeare's Cromwell was Thomas.

Thurston .- So he was; so he was. That had slipped my mind.

Violet .- But it wasn't really Thomas Cromwell at all. That's a poetical license. George Cavendish, who was probably an eye-witness, says in his "Life of Wolsey" that it was Kingston, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to whom Wolsey spoke.

Thurston.—Um-well. Perhaps you are right. You can't place any dependence on the so-called facts of history, anyway. Yesterday's gossip is to-morrow's gospel. (Leans back in his chair moodily.)

Mrs. Dolbear .- A little more of the beef, please. You're not eating anything.

Thurston (eating savagely). - No; I can't endure this eternal beef. Violet. you know I don't like beef. Why, in Heaven's name, can't we have some veal or lamb occasionally?

Violet.—Because, as you know very well, the flesh of veal and lamb is com-

Thurston .- Of course, of course. You posed almost entirely of fibrin and albumen, which are not wholesome for one of your temperament.

Thurston (laying down his knife and fork, and leaning back in his chair) .-See here, Violet; you are overdoing the matter. You should only take two or three courses, and devote your whole time to them,-English, for instance,

Violet.-Oh, Henry, what grammar! "Only take two or three courses." How you would get snapped up in the English freshman course.

Thurston.-I don't see anything wrong about that.

Violet .- "Only should always immediately precede the word it modifies." Rule 21.

Thurston (rising abruptly) .- I must look over the lesson in Lycias before I go up to the class. I've been so bothered over the loss of one of my old Greek note-books that I hardly know what I'm talking about.

Violet.-What was in it?

Thurston.-Oh, you wouldn't understand. In my edition of Lycias there's a reference to Stilpnon. It has slipped my mind who or what Stilpnon was, but the whole thing is down in the notebook I can't find.

Violet.-Have you looked in Stobæus? Thurston.-Stobæus? That's so, Stobæus did write the Stilpnon, didn't he? Violet.-How queerly you talk. Why, Stilpnon was a man.

Thurston (falls back into his chair) .--Are you sure?

Violet .- I'll get my note-book and show you all about him. (She rises and runs out.)

Mrs. D. (rising).-Well, my dear, I hope you are satisfied with your wife's conversational powers.

Thurston.-Do you call that conversation? I call it an inquisition.

Mrs. D.—You can now appreciate the force of Pope's line: "To know the misery of a granted prayer." You wanted an educated wife. You seem to have one. I hope you are satisfied.

Thurston.-But the spirit of contradiction she has developed-it's absolutely insufferable.

Mrs. D. — If there is one pleasure

dearer to the feminine heart than any other, it is the opportunity to say, "I told you so." I leave you, my dear, with the remark that you have made me very happy. (She goes out.)

Thurston.—She was right. What a blasted fool I was. Oh, Violet, Violet, would that you were again an ignoramus.

Violet (entering with her arms full of books).—Now we shall have a nice, long, hard hour of study.

Thurston (groans).—No, I must be going. I have no heart for study, and I am due at the university in ten minutes.

Violet.—But you must look up Stilpnon. Here's the book.

Thurston.—No, never mind. Violet.—But I insist on it.

Thurston.—Well, well—let me have it. noramus—like myself.

(Takes the book.) "Lectures on the Greek orators." What a wretched hand you write—Henry Thurston. 1894. Why, this is my old note-book.

Violet.-And so are the others.

Thurston.—The scales fall from my eyes. I have been the victim of a conspiracy. Haven't you taken any course in the university?

Violet.—No; only in your note-books. It was such fun. We picked out things—mamma and I—that we thought we could stick you on. Such fun it was You aren't angry, are you? Really, I'm going to study hard, dear, and know lots before the year's over.

Thurston.—You will do it to please me? Violet.—Yes, I'll do anything to please

Thurston.—Then please remain an ignoramus—like myself.

Curtain.

Permission to produce this play must be obtained from the Bostonian Fublishing Co.





BY H. MARTIN BEAL



please, aunty dear," said her niece. "Oh! but you should have touched the white button to the left!"

"Well, I know it," replied Aunt Melinda, "but, you see, I forget; I can't get used to the new-fangled ways you city folks do have, though I must say it's proper convenient to just touch a thing and have the lights flash out. Now in the old days we ---"

"Oh! splendid-tell me about the way

"I don't know as it was much, but we didn't have good lamps nor matches; no, not even a match like the ones you have now. When I was real young, we used to have little tin lamps. They didn't hold more than half a pint of whale oil, and had sometimes one, and often two tubes for the wicks. 'Twas a no-account light after 'twas lighted. They were sort of egg shaped and some of 'em had a little tin part that was like a dress skirt; that was to set it on, a kind of stand, and was called a petticoat lamp. Then some had no petticoat, but a pipe, like part of a bean-blower, soldered under the bot-

URN on the light tom of it, to put a stick into. That was a peg lamp. I've often seen 'em cut favorite a slice off a potato so as it would stand up steady and then stick the peg lamp





now, wouldn't you?

"These lamps were in use from about 1800 to 1830, and 'twas funny to see grandma'm a-settin' there, lamp in one hand, a-readin' of the Bible. Many's the time I've seen her doing of it. She always read that way.

"Now right here, I might as well tell you of the way these lamps had to be lighted. We had to use a flint and steel, and a tinder-box, and then a kind of home-made match. That was a lot to do every time we needed a light, wasn't it? But we'd no other way, you see. I s'pose you never heard about fixin' tinder, did you? Ma used to take a piece of cotton cloth and light it in the

wood. That was tinder, and we put it in a flat round tin box, like you use for shoeblackin' and about the same size. To make the matches we took flat pieces of thin wood about four or five inches long and split them into a lot of pieces; then tied these sticks in a round bundle. Then when the brimstone, the old name for sulphur, was broke up and melted, we dipped both ends of the bundle of sticks into it. They used to say 'you can't burn a candle at both ends.' but you could these matches.

"Now that I've told you something about the way the tinder and matches were made, I'll show you how the lamp or candle was lighted. First, the tinderbox was opened, then the flint and steel were struck together, dropping a spark on the tinder, into which one end of a match was put as quickly as possible and the candle was lighted. As soon as you could, you shut down the [GRANDMA'M A-SETTIN' THERE, LAMP IN ONE HAND, A-READIN', COVER of the tinder-box to smother the lighted tin-

into it. You'd a-thought that funny, der and so to save it. The match was put out at once, to use the good end next time. Some tinder-boxes had a socket on the cover in which to set a tallow dip; it also had an inside cover used to smother the tinder and on which the flints were put. So you see the box held some tinder, often the flint and steel, and was a candlestick as well. Uncle Tom Atkins, he of the West Ingy goods shop, used to have a tinder-box that looked like a wheelbarrow upside down. You set the steel wheel, the size of a silver dollar, revolving by a string, then took the cover off the box and held the flint against it, setting the tinder aglow; this queer box contained matches, too. One of these boxes was fireplace; there it smouldered to a sort like a flint-lock pistol,—just like a real of char-'twould be charcoal if 'twas one, but all it did was to light tinder.



AN OLD TIME LANTERN MAN.

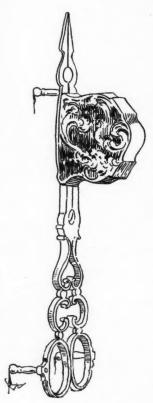
It was made of real pistol materials and was what you'd call a 'freak' nowadays, I s'pose.

"Now, about this same time we had tallow dips. To make them we got some beef tallow and put it in the big kettle hanging on the crane in the old fireplace and melted it down; next we took a piece of wick-yarn about ten inches long when doubled, putting the loop over a stick. Then the wick was dipped into the hot tallow, and allowed to harden. When ready it was dipped again, and so on, until you had the size you wished. Often, several were made at once, and a rude frame was prepared, holding a number of wicks which were dipped in rotation, the first being ready for a second dip by the time the dipper

size. These dips were pretty round, only they were a wee bit thicker at one end because they sort of dripped in hardening. To make the tallow firmer,



got around to it again and no time was lost. The tallow was kept just so hot, for if too much so, what you had already on the wick would melt off and the candle would never get to be of any



CANDLE SNUFFERS.

some Bayberry wax was put in the kettle. We made the Bayberry wax, too. Wax need not be from bees altogether, for there are vegetable and animal sorts as well. The dip was the crudest form of candle and was so soft that the draughts wasted them pretty fast, causing them to gutter and splutter in a pesky annoying way.

"In those days the simple wick yarns were obliged to be cut off or snuffed every little while by a kind of scissors called snuffers; since those days they used to make the wicks bend over in various ways, so that they would burn off and not need tending each moment.



CANDLESTICK, EXTINGUISHER, SPECTACLES, AND BIBLE.

Our wicks were sometimes twisted but never braided.

"If you look at this old print it will show you a candlemaker's shop. In the centre the master is dipping each wick as he swings the frame around. The apprentice at the left is rolling wax candles, while the one at the right is evidently making a candle or taper, as long as the wick on the wheel, which is like a spool of cotton; it is afterwards cut in lengths. It is as large as the hole through which the long wick is passed.

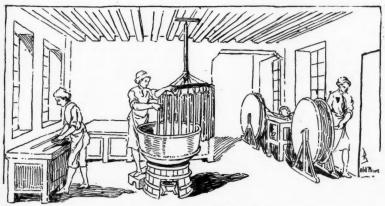
"Wax candles have the melted wax

poured over the heated wicks, and are then rolled between two wet boards, well smoothed, to make them round. Folks used to see omens in the candle-flame, and they were also used as charms. A bit of tallow rising up against the wick was supposed to be a winding sheet, portending death in the family. A bright spark denotes that the person directly opposite is to get a letter. When the flames waved about without any cause that you could see, it told of windy weather to come; and when the wick refused to light, wet weather was foretold. When lights



TINDER-BOX, STEEL, FLINT, AND CANDLE.

came, or appeared to do so, from the ground or from a house, and traversed the air or road by invisible agency, they were called corpse candles. They



AN OLD TIME CANDLE MAKER'S SHOP.

were a death omen, and showed the road over which the corpse was to be carried. Whether the fated person was old or young was told by the size and

color of the light. Candles were placed near by, during the birth of a child or the death of a person, because evil spirits were always trying to injure souls coming to or going from the earth and were frightened away by the candle placed there as a charm.

"An old custom of burning the entire candle was in use, they say, in France; it was by the means of a short piece of white marble, round, like a candle, having a spike in it. This was set in the stick, and the real candle was stuck on it; thus saving the candle end usually set into the candlestick. These are still in use over there and are called 'Brûle-bouts' or burn ends.

"I s'pose you've read in history how the candle flames blowing in the wind so bothered King Alfred the Great that he protected them by putting the candles in cow-horns, which he ordered to be scraped thin. That was how the lantern originated. We used to make our lanterns, at least the men folks did, by punching holes and slits in properly shaped pieces of tin, which were then soldered together. 'Twas a pretty weak sort of a light you may be sure, for next to nothing came through those little cuts. A peg lamp was often placed in the lantern instead of the candle, but that wasn't much better. And then the old watchmen, they were always old, too, who went about from 'sundown to sunrise,' had a lantern and carried a sort of spike or spear. You remember that ancient print of one of them on my wall. The old fellows used to call the hours in rhyme-here's one I read a while ago:-

'Tis one o' the clock—midnight is past, Sleep on good friends, the time thou hast,

For rise ye must at early dawn: 'Tis one o' the clock and Tuesday morn.

"They also told the weather and the wind and sang psalms during their lonesome tramp, to keep themselves company. 'Twas very comforting to the watchers in the sick-room to hear the old fellow going by. Dearie me! they're all gone now.

"Better lanterns were made for ships; these had a piece of thin horn put in the side and were far superior to the punched ones.

"By and by folks kept bringing out new-fangled notions and we had better lamps. Astral lamps, solar lamps with chimneys and globes soon came in. I s'pose you don't realize that our first



Je Old Watchman A A.



little lamps had no chimneys, much less shades, and the weak flame blew about and often completely out when a door was opened.

"With the new lamps came better matches. They were made with a black head and had only one end dipped. In order to strike them, a piece of sand-paper was carried. The match end was put between a doubled bit of the paper and drawn out smartly. Land sakes! it was an awful nuisance, but of course was the way at that time. They were not home-made, but could be bought by the block under the name of Lucifer matches. Lucifers were sold by the block, which was sawed through each way so that the match sticks could be broken off. Candles were made better, too; we had moulds of polished pewter and tin that came singly and in to be ornamental and stand up as stiff sets of two, four, six, or eight. When the tallow was melted, the loop of a doubled wick was put over a stick permit."

across the top of the mould and let down through a hole in the lower end of it; then a knot was tied and the wick was held taut: the knot prevented the tallow from dripping out. The moulds were a little larger at the upper part than at the base, which let the candle slip out easily. If it stuck, the mould was put into hot water for a moment which loosened the candle quickly. You may be certain that when the hour of sundown or candle-light came there was much to do in lighting up all the candles and lamps, giving the children their supper, warming the beds with the old warming-pan, or sending the little ones off into the Land of Nod with a hot brick for a bedfellow.

"'Twas most amusin' likewise to see your granddad, a-lighting of his pipe, reaching for a hot coal with his 'smoker's' tongs. These tongs were right clever; they had a point like a dull brad-awl to pick the tobacco and

stir it about in the bowl; a sort of flatheaded nail to pack it, and then, when all was ready and the pipe alight, he sat down and held another part of the tongs over the bowl, as a sort of cap to prevent the sparks from flying out. So, sitting there sedately, tongs in hand. he smoked and let his thoughts wauder.

"And now, dearie, don't you think I've talked 'by the mile,' as I told my boy that he was in the habit of doing? I've really been on a long enough journev in the olden days to be allowed to give you a kiss and go to my room, in which I need no matches, nor flint and steel, nor lamp, nor candle, but where a touch lights the gas, a turn of the valve heats the room, and the only use for the warming-pan in the corner is and proud-like in that there big bow of ribbon, as its wooden handle will



BY EDWIN C. HOWELL

No. II.

the play of the cards at whist is recorded and read, are in common use. The best, in my opinion, because it is the most easily read, is that which has recently been introduced by Mr. R. F. Foster, the widely known author and expert. To indicate the four suits, characters like the pips on the cards are employed, or else the initials of the suits, thus: S for spades, H for hearts, C for clubs, and D for diamonds. With the characters or letters indicating the suits there are combined letters and figures marking the denominations of the cards: A for ace, K for king, Q for queen, and J for jack (or knave); 10 for ten, and so on, down to the two or deuce. In order that the suits as they occur in the printed diagram may be the more readily distinguished by the eye, the initials H and C are placed at the left, and D and S at the right, of the letters and figures indicating the denominations of the cards. By means of this artifice the reader, with a little practice, can tell almost at a glance the composition of the different hands, and can follow the play quite intelligently without laying out the actual cards. Still, I should recommend the use of the cards themselves to persons who are not accustomed to published play.

The figures at the left of the diagram

Several methods of notation, by which correspond to the numbers of the tricks played. The four cards played to a trick are found in the order of play, from left to right, in the same horizontal line. The card winning each trick is underlined, and the card next below is led to the next trick. The thirteen cards in a column are the hand of the player whose name ("North," "East," "South," or "West," according to his position at the table) is placed at the head of the column. The dealer's hand is the last, at the right, and the original leader's the first, at the left. It is customary to call the whole diagram, showing both the hands and their play, a "deal."

The first illustrative deal that I present occurred not long ago in a single-table duplicate game at a Boston club. It is a warning example of loss resulting from a disregard of sound whist maxims. As I explained last month, the cards are played twice by the same persons at the single-table game, the hands of the two adverse pairs of partners being exchanged before the overplay.

Trick 1.—South opened his strongest suit, but with the wrong card. He should have led his "fourth-best," the five-spot. With him a little knowledge was a dangerous thing. An irregular original lead is utilized nowadays to "show" trump strength ((four trumps

or more, but generally exactly four) in the leader's hand, with no plain suit worth opening. South intended to show his four trumps, but since they were very small, and his plain suit was of fair strength, he should have preferred to open the latter regularly. West, with ace, queen, and another card of the suit, correctly played ace on jack led. I have seen good players "finesse" queen in this situation, but without knowing just why. It is really

DEAL No. 1. (Original Play.)

Hearts declared trumps; East deals, and South leads.

	S.	W.	N.	E.
1	Js	AS	KS	3.8
2	Н 3	НQ	HK	HA
3	H 4	H 10	H 8	H 2
4	H 5	HJ	H 9	4 S
5	H 6	H 7	C 7	6 S
6	C 3	3 D	2 D	Q D
7	C 4	CA	C 8	CJ
8	C 6	C 10	4 D	C 2
9	C 9	6 D	5 D	A D
10	2 S	8 D	7 D	CK
11	5 S	9 D	10 D	CQ
12	9 S	88	JD	C 5
13	10 S	QS	KD	78

East and West win all thirteen tricks.

useless. King lies beyond, with the left-hand adversary or with partner: if with the adversary, ace is obviously the only play; if with partner, ace is at least as good as queen. North's king, being unfortunately "bare," was sacrificed. It would have won the trick if South had led a small card, for then West would have followed "second hand low" (compare the overplay). The whole difference in the play and in the score of this deal was a result of the variation in the original lead.

Trick 2.—Since South, by his original

lead, had shown four trumps and not great plain suit strength, West knew that North's trumps were probably short, and it would not do to let him make them by "ruffing" the spades. Therefore, with four very good trumps, West played to exhaust, if possible, those of the adversaries. The lead of queen from queen, jack, ten, and others is correct. North made a mistake in covering queen led. He was deceived, to be sure, by his partner's indication of trump strength, and aimed to conserve that strength by the attempt to win at second hand; but if he credited partner with the ace of trumps he should have given him a chance to win the trick and lead spades again.

Tricks 3 to 5.- East of course returned partner's trump lead at once, and West was enabled to disarm the adversaries. On the third and fourth rounds of trumps, East properly discarded his worthless spades. North's discard at trick 5 was questionable. Many expert players believe in discarding always from the weakest suit (unless in so doing you unguard an honor), but I am still content to abide by the old maxim: "The first discard should be from your weakest suit, unless trumps are declared against you, in which case the discard should be from your best protected suit" (Coffin). In the present situation, therefore, I should have discarded the deuce of diamonds, and have expected partner to understand what the discard meant.

Trick 6.-West has now to open a plain suit. In the face of his partner's discards he could not continue the spades, although, judging from the way they were opened, he might perhaps have inferred that South was not strong in them. He could not tell whether East's best suit was clubs or diamonds; he therefore opened his longest suit, with the fourth-best card. North should have put in the ten at second hand; for, with the lead, he would have led the ten from king, jack, ten and others, and it is always correct, with a combination of high cards from which you would lead one, to follow with one as second player on a small card led. East "finessed" queen

from ace, queen—the only finesse which is justifiable on the first round of your partner's suit. East could count the diamonds with partner and North. Since the three-spot was partner's fourth-best and also his lowest (because North played the deuce), partner must have exactly four diamonds, and North the rest.

Trick 7.-Having a very strong fivecard suit of clubs, East judiciously disregarded the general principle that you should get rid of the command of your partner's suit (and retain, as long as you can safely do so, the command of your adversaries' suits). He kept the ace of diamonds as a "card of reentry," with which to obtain the lead, if necessary, after "establishing" his clubs. The lead of jack from king, queen, jack and two others is correct. With these three honors and only one small card, or exactly four in suit, the lead is king; but with five or more in suit the lead is jack. West, with only one club besides ace, properly won partner's jack, and returned the small one: if he had let jack win he must have taken the next trick with ace, and it might then have been impossible to give East the lead again. Such a play is called "blocking" partner's suit, and West's was an "unblocking" play. As the cards happened to lie, East having the ace of diamonds for re-entry, it made no difference whether West unblocked or not; nevertheless, the course that West adopted was the only correct one.

Trick 8.—East might have won the trick and gone on with the clubs, but he knew that partner would lead a diamond next.

Tricks 9 to 13.—East "gets in" with ace of diamonds, runs off his good clubs, and gives partner the small spade, which partner wins with queen. The result is a "slam" for East and West, North and South failing to take a single trick.

On the overplay the hands were shifted, those which East and West at first held now going to North and South, and vice versa. The overplay was as follows:—

DEAL No. 1. (Overplay.)

Hearts trumps; South is the dealer, and West leads.

w.		N.	E.	S.
1	5 S	Q S	KS	3 S
2	H 3	3 D	10 D	Q D
3	JS	AS	н 8	4 S
4	H 4	6 D	2 D	A D
5	10 S	8 S	C 7	6 S
6	9 S	H 10	HK	78
7	2 S	8 D	KD	HA
8	H 5	НJ	H 9	H 2
9	H 6	нQ	C 8	C 2
10	C 3	C 10	4 D	C 5
11	C 4	C A	5 D	C J
12	C 6	Н7	7 D	CQ
13	C 9	9 D	JD	CK

North and South win six tricks; East and West, seven.

Trick 1.—West opened his suit correctly with the fourth-best card. North should not have put in the queen; that was the old practice at second hand with ace, queen and others, but a small card is now recommended.

Trick 2.—East made the conventional lead from king, jack, ten and others. The experimental school of experts favors the fourth-best from this combination. I will not here discuss the merits of the innovation, which involves, as well, the lead of ten from queen, jack, ten and others. Until the matter has passed beyond the controversial stage, in which it now is, it is just as well for the ordinary player to practise the established lead.

Trick 3.—West continued his suit with jack because, having the second-best and the third-best cards, he desired to force out the ace. North had to cover. This trick established the "cross-ruff," by which East and West made four

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of their trumps, besides two tricks in spades, before the adversaries could stop them.

Trick 4.—East might have gone on with jack of diamonds, but as he played for partner's ruff the small card was better.

Tricks 5 and 6.—West led the Lest spade, and it won. Again he led a winner, and North was compelled to put in a trump in order that East might not be able to throw away another worthless card. It is nearly always disadvantageous to allow one adversary to win and the other to discard. North also properly played from his head sequence in trumps, instead of the low card, so that East might not win too cheaply.

Tricks 7 to 9.—South could put his ace of trumps to no better use than to get the lead with it and start trumps, so as to end the cross-ruff. North drew two rounds and remained with the

thirteenth trump.

Tricks 10 to 13.—The lead of ten of clubs, instead of ace followed by ten, by North, was a bad error. He should have considered that partner could have nothing but clubs left, and should therefore have "got out of partner's way" by leading ace first, and then ten. By playing ace first he blocked partner's suit, kept the lead himself, and at the thirteenth trick had to allow East to make a diamond, which should have been shut out by South's clubs.

The result of the deal was that East and West on the overplay won seven tricks with the same cards that yielded North and South not a single trick on the original; or, looked at from the point of view of the other pair of hands, North and South on the overplay won only six tricks with the cards that yielded East and West all thirteen on the original play. East and West therefore played each pair of hands so as to get out of them seven tricks more than North and South. In the language of duplicate whist, East and West "gained" seven tricks, and North and South lost the same number. Upon the score sheet these results are recorded: "East and West, plus 7; North and South, minus 7." So great a difference as this is very rare. In an entire game of sixteen deals, "up and back," two pretty evenly matched pairs will usually finish within three or four tricks of each other. I have seen games. however, between experts and novices, in which the stronger players cleared an average of one trick and a fraction on every deal.

To any person who desires to gain an insight into the reasons which underly the principles of whist, and to see how the principles are applied by experienced players, I cannot too urgently recommend the study of published games. It may be a surprising statement to make, but I am confident that the deliberate and thorough examination of a single illustrative deal, with analytical notes by a competent annotator, is more instructive than the actual play of many deals, even though the play be most careful and painstaking.

Next month I shall have something to say about certain methods of playing duplicate whist other than the "single-table" game.



BY ARTHUR WELLINGTON

"Love me, love my cat."

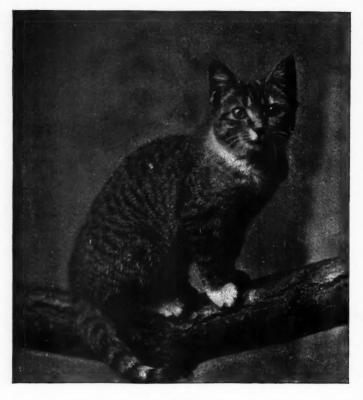


WOULDN'T have a cat in my house at any price. They are treacherous and deceitful brutes." Such is the opinion of many people, even of

those who love other animals. But I cannot understand why such a slanderous verdict should be passed upon these beautiful pets. Of course cats, like other animals, even the human species, are very dissimilar, no two being precisely alike in disposition. To some a cat is a cat, and if all were black all would be alike.

Speaking of black cats, it would be interesting to learn why a feline of this color should be thought so widely different from all others. Why to it should be ascribed a numberless variety of bad omens? In Germany black cats

are kept away from children as omens of evil, and if a black cat appears in the room of one lying ill, it is said to portend death. To meet a black cat in the twilight was held unlucky. In the "good old days" a black puss was generally the only color that was favored by wizards, and also were said to be the constant companions of witches, and in such horror and detestation were they held, that when the unfortunate creatures were drowned or burned their cats suffered martyrdom at the same time. It is possible that one of the reasons for such superstition may have arisen from the fact of the larger amount of electricity to be found by friction in the coat of this dark furred animal. Be this as it may, the black cat is held by the prejudiced ignorant as an animal most foul and detestable, and wonderful



Spotted Tabby Cat.

stories are related of their actions in Blue. The fur of the true breed is very the dead of the night, during thunderstorms, and on windy nights.

To those not holding these views what beauty there is in a jet black cat. A brown black, for show purposes, is preferred to the blue black, that is, the former color should be in evidence when the fur is parted, without even a hint of the blue tint. The coat short, velvety, and very glossy; the eyes round and full, and of a deep orange color; nose black, and also the pads of the feet; tail long, wide at the base, and tapering gradually towards the end.

blue cat, or as it is sometimes called, by the use of their claws, at the same the archangel cat, and by the American time giving vent to their feelings by a

short, rather inclined to woolliness, but bright and glossy, large ears and eyes, and larger and longer in the head and hind legs.

Many cats that are said to be spiteful are made so by ill treatment, for as a rule they are most affectionate and gentle, attaching themselves to individuals with as strong an affection as a dog, with this difference,-and it is that which gives many people the idea that they are unlike the dog in their affection,-their love for location is greater than for individuals. Ill treat-Closely resembling the black is the ment bestowed upon a cat is resented



Tortoiseshell, and White-and-Black Kittens.

render the claws harmless. Never tease or torment them. Kindness is as necessary to them as to human beings.

Let me tell you something about kittens. The cat is a very prolific animal, and if long lived produces a very numerous progeny. One cat during her life has been known to give birth to one hundred and twenty kittens. Some cats will have five or six their first teeth when from five to seven at a birth, while others never more than months old, and they seldom possess two or three, even as low as one. even part of a set of the small, sharp They live to various ages, the longest dentitions after that time.

low growl and spitting. They seldom lived feline reaching the age of twentybite. Here is a bit of advice. When four years. When littered the kittens a cat digs her claws into your hand are weak, blind, deaf, helpless little never draw it backward, but push for- things, and it appears almost impossiward; you thus close the foot and ble that they can ever attain the grace and elegance of form and motion so much admired in the fully developed cat. The state of visual darkness continues until the eighth or ninth day, during which time the eyesight is gradually developing. After this they grow rapidly, and, at the age of a few weeks, the frolicsome life of "kittenhood" begins. Kittens usually shed



First Prize, White Angora Cat. Owned by Mrs. H. L. Clarke, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Kittenhood is the brightest and prettiest period of their existence. True, when first born they are weak and staggering little things, scarcely able to stand, if at all, almost rolling over at every attempt, making fretful noises, if wakeful or cold, or for the time being, motherless. But 'tis not for long; awhile and she, the fondest of mothers, is with them. They are nestled about her, or amid her soft, warm, fluffy fur, cossetted with parental tenderness, caressed, nurtured, and with low, sweet tones and fondlings they are soothed again and again to sleep. They sleep. Noiseless, and with many a longing, lingering look the careful, watchful, loving creature slowly and reluctantly steals away, soon to return, when she and her little ones are lost at nothing, panic stricken, quickly

"in the land of dreams." And so from day to day, until bright, meek-eyed, innocent, inquiring little faces, with eager eyes peep above the basket that is yet their home. One bolder than the others springs out, when, scared at his own audacity, as quickly and clumsily scrambles back, then out-in-and out. In happy, wild, frolicsome, gambolsome play, they clutch, twist, turn, and wrestle in artless mimicry of desperate quarrelling; the struggle over, in liveliest antics they chase and re-chase in turn. So life glides on with them as kittens, frisky kittens.

A few more days and their mother leads them forth, with many an anxious look and turn, softly calling, they halting at almost every step; suddenly, oft

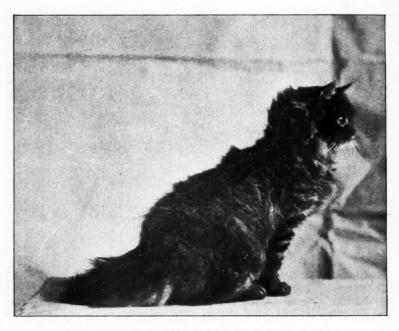


First Prize, Red and Yellow Angora Cat. Owned by George A. Rawson, Newton, Mass.

scamper back, not one yet daring to follow where all is so oddly strange and new, their natural shyness being stronger than the love of freedom. Again with scared look and timid steps, when once more, at nothing frightened, or with infantile pretence they are off, "helter-skelter," without a pause or stay, one and all they into the basket tumble, then turn about and stare with a more than half-bewildered, selfsatisfied look of safety. Noiseless comes their patient, loving mother. With what new delight they cling about her; how fondly and tenderly she tends them, lures, coaxes, and talks as only a gentle mother-cat can.

says, "I will show you; come, have confidence! Now, a little further, there is no danger, I will guard you;" and thus, step by step they are led forth. Their bright young lives have begun, they know of nothing but happiness. Happy! there is no other word, "Happy as a kitten."

Now as to the different breeds of cats. First, there is the long haired family. These are very diversified, both in form, color, and the quality of the hair which in some places is more woolly than in others; and they also vary in the shape and length of the tail, the ears, and size of eyes. There are several varieties, the Russian, the Angora, the Persian, But she must show them the beauties and the Indian. A curious fact relating of the world. "Come," you think she to the white cat of not only the long



First Prize, Grey and White Tabby Cat. Owned by F. B. Homans, Hyde Park.

but also the short haired breed, is their deafness. Should they have blue eyes, long, silky hair, with a slight admixture which is the fancy color, they are nearly always deaf.

graceful, and elegant, and covered with long, silky hair, with a slight admixture of woolliness; in this it differs from the Persian. In texture it should be as fine

The Angora cat, as its name indicates, comes from Angora, in western Asia, a province which is also celebrated for its goat with long hair. This breed is in high favor with the Turks and Armenians, and the best are of great value, a pure white with blue eyes being thought the perfection of cats. all other points being good, and its hearing by no means defective. The points of excellence are a small head, with nose not too long, large, full eyes of a color in harmony with that of its fur, ears rather large and pointed with a tuft of hair at the apex, the size not showing, as they are deeply set in the long hair on the forehead, a very full flowing main about the head and neck; this latter should not be short, neither should the body, which should be long,

graceful, and elegant, and covered with long, silky hair, with a slight admixture of woolliness; in this it differs from the Persian. In texture it should be as fine as possible, and also not so woolly as that of the Russian; the legs of moderate length, and in proportion to the body; the tail long and slightly curving upwards towards the end. The hair should be very long at the base, less so towards the tip. The colors are varied.

The Persian cat differs somewhat from the Angora, the tail being larger, more like a table brush in point of form, and is generally slightly turned upward, the hair being fuller and coarser at the end, while at the base it is a little longer. The head is rather large with less pointed ears, although these should not be devoid of the tuft at the apex, and also well furnished with long hair within, and of moderate size. The eyes should be large, full, and round, with a soft expression; the



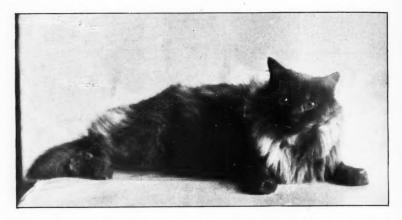
First Prize, Manx Cat. Owned by Oakland Farm. Taunton, Mass.

hair on the forehead is short in comparison to the other parts of the body, which ought to be clothed with long, silky hair, very long about the neck, giving the appearance of the mane of the lion. The legs, feet, and toes should be well covered with long hair, and have well developed fringes on the toes, assuming the character of tufts between them. The cat is longer in body and generally broader in the loins, and apparently stronger made, yet slender and elegant, with small bone and exceedingly graceful in all its movements. The colors comprise almost every tint obtainable in cats.

The Russian long haired cat differs in many respects from the Angora and the Persian. It is larger in the body with shorter legs. The mane or frill is large, long, and dense, and more of a woolly texture, with coarse hairs among it. Eyes large and prominent, large ears the male are: black, red, and yellow in patches, but no white. The coloring should be in broad blotches and solid in color, not mealy or tabby-like in the marking, but clear, sharp, and distinct. The eyes of an orange color. Tail long the table of the coloring should be in broad blotches and solid in color, not mealy or tabby-like in the marking, but clear, sharp, and distinct.

with small tufts full of long woolly hair. The tail short, very woolly and thickly covered with hair, the same length from base to the tip. Its habits are peculiar and not at all like the common short haired cats.

Whether all the Tortoiseshell variety came from the some origin is doubtful, although in breeding many of the different colors will breed back to the striped or tabby color, and per contra, white, whole-colored cats are often obtained from striped or spotted parents and vice versa, a tortoiseshell male or a red-and-yellow tabby female cat is most highly prized. The points of the male are: black, red, and yellow in patches, but no white. The coloring should be in broad blotches and solidin color, not mealy or tabby-like in the marking, but clear, sharp, and distinct. The eyes of an orange color. Tail long



Special Prize, Silver and Blue Tabby Cat "Sir Peter Teazle." Owned by Mrs. Walter T. Emery, Roxbury, Mass.

slim, graceful, and noe too short on the leg, to which this breed has a tendency.

The Tortoiseshell-and-white cat is a more common mixture of coloring than the tortoiseshell without white, and this breed seems to be widely spread over different parts of the world. It is the opinion of some that this color and the pure tortoiseshell is the original domestic cat, and that the other varieties of markings and colors are but deviations produced by crossing with wild varieties. And yet, if this be so, from what starting point was the original domestic cat derived, and by what means were the rich and varied markings obtained?

The Tabby cat is doubtless one of, if not the most common of colors, and numbers many, almost endless varieties of both tint and markings. Of these, those with very broad bands of black, or narrow bands of black, on nearly a black ground, are usually called black tabby, and if the bands are divided into spots instead of being in continuous lines then it is a spotted black tabby. The banded tabby should not be spotted in any way, excepting those few that nearly always occur on the face and sometimes on the fore legs.

kind of taffeta, or ribbed silk, which worshipped so many centuries ago and

when calendered, or what is now termed "watered," is by that process covered with wavy lines. This stuff in the olden days was often called "tabby," hence, the cat with lines or markings on its fur was called a "tabby" cat. It was also called the brindle cat or the brinded cat, tiger cat, grey cat, greymalkin, and Cyprus cat, the latter from a kind of cloth made in Cyprus of silk and hair, showing on the surface wavy lines.

The Abyssinian cat is included in the tabby variety, but it is almost destitute of markings except on the legs and a broad black band along the back. It is mostly of a deep brown, tinted with black, resembling the back of a wild rabbit. Along the centre of the back from the nape of the neck to the tip of the tail is a band of black, very slightly interspersed with dark brown hairs. The inner sides of the legs and belly are more of a rufous-orange tint than the body. The eyes are a deep yellow, tinted with green; nose dark red, black edged; ears rather small, dark brown, with black edges and tips, the pads of the feet are black. It is variously called Russian, Spanish, Hare, and Rabbit

It is believed that this breed is the The word tabby was derived from a origin of the Egyptian cat, which was the mummies of which are numerous. The money value of a short-haired white cat depends entirely upon its comeliness. It must be graceful and elegant in the outline of its form, the head small, broad on the forehead, and gently tapering towards the muzzle, nose small, tips even and pink, ears small, not too pointed, neck slender, shoulders narrow and sloping backwards, loin full and long, legs of moderate length, tail long, tapering towards the end, eyes large, round, full, and blue.

A true black-and-white cat is of a dense bright brown-black, evenly marked with white. The feet white, as also the chest, nose, and pads, with no black on the lips or nose, whiskers white and eyes of orange yellow. The same markings are applicable to the brown tabby-and-white, the dark tabby-and-white, the red tabby-andwhite, the yellow tabby-and-white, the blue or silver tabby-and-white, and the blue-and-white. One great point is to obtain a perfectly clear and distinct gracefully-curved outline of color. The marking of the white-and-black cat is directly opposite to that of the blackand-white.

A gentleman in England possesses a very remarkable white-and-black cat. The head is white with a black mark over the eyes, and ears which when looked at from above presents the appearance of a fleur de lis. The body is white with a distinct black cross on the right side, or rather, more on the back than side. The cross resembles that known as Maltese in form, and is clearly defined. The tail is black; the legs and feet white. Nor does the cat's claim to notice entirely end here, for marvellous to relate it was born on Easter Sunday, 1886. What would have been said of such a coincidence had this peculiar development of nature occurred in by-gone times?

The Royal cat of Siam is among the beautiful varieties of the domestic cat. to great possibilities. Boston was In form, color, texture, and length, or rather shortness of its coat it is widely different from other short-haired varieties. The true breed is that of the

dun, fawn, or ash-colored ground with black points.

The Manx cat is a curious creature. It differs chiefly from the ordinary domestic cat in being tailless, or nearly so, the best breeds not having any; the hind legs are thicker and rather larger, particularly in the thighs. It runs more like a hare than a cat, the actions of the legs being awkward. The head is small for its size, yet thick and well set on a rather long neck; the eyes round and full, ears medium and rather rounded at the apex. In color they vary, but few are black and seldom if ever is seen a white one. Although these cats are supposed to be peculiar to the Isle of Man, Darwin states that "throughout an immense area, namely the Malayan Archipelago, Siam, Pegwan, and Burmah, all the cats have truncated tails about half the proper length, often with a sort of knot at the end."

The cat fad is rapidly spreading in this country. In Europe breeders of fancy stock have for years been numerous. In France it is a very profitable industry, having been carried on for two or three centuries, and to such an extent that they have supplied the markets of the world with the finest specimens of the long-haired variety. England is more famous as a general market, as in that country the best specimens of the various varieties can be obtained. Numerous exhibitions have been held in Crystal Palace, England in which Royalty as well as the working classes have shown these beautiful pets.

The fever has now reached this country and the public have been treated to several cat shows. The first national exhibition held last May in Madison Square Garden, New York City, had more than three hundred members of the feline race on benches. Society has impressed upon the fad the seal of approval, and it is now well on the way to great possibilities. Boston was honored by a display of these pets in Mechanics Building, January 14 to 18 inclusive, given under the direction of the Boston Poultry Association. There



First Prize, Australian Cat. Cwned by Dr. H. L. Hammond, Killingly, Conn.

were a great many entrees and some excellent specimens were shown. Of these we have had photographs taken of several of the prize winners. Possibly the rarest cats in this collection were the Australian, owned by Dr. H. L. Hammond. This is a very rare breed, and the cats are as beautiful as they are scarce. Their hair is very short and as soft and silky as seal skin. Their body is long and graceful, with a head conforming more to the outline of the Lynx. Tail long and slim, and ears long and sharp pointed. Probably the most perfect specimen of the long-haired variety was Mrs. Walter T. Emery's chinchilla colored cat "Sir Peter Teazle." He was bred by Lady Brooks of England, from the finest prize winners in that country. The list of entrees were as follows:-

Broken colors: Tabby, brown, grey, blue, or silver, with or without white, male, 1st prize, Mrs. G. S. Mansfield, ver, male, Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins, 15 Glenwood Street, Malden, Mass. 47 Temple Place, Boston; 1st, Miss Tabby, red or yellow, with or without white, male, 1st, Marion S. Weld, Readville, Mass. Tortoiseshell, with or Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, Crocker Street,

without white, female, 1st, Marion S. Weld, Readville, Mass. Any other color, male, Abs., Mrs. Annie B. Hollis, 7 Oakland Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Any other color, female, 1st, Dr. H. L. Hammond, Killingly, Conn. Any other color, kitten, 1st, Dr. H. L. Hammond, Conn.; 1st, E. B. Hine.

Long-haired Cats, Solid Colors: White, male, 2d, Mrs. E. A. Turnbull, 25 Dana Street, Roxbury, Mass.; 1st., Mrs. H. L. Clarke, Wellesley Hills, Mass. White, female, 1st, Mrs. A. N. Bates, Eulita Street, Brighton, Mass.; 2d, George A. Rawson, Vernon Street, Newton, Mass. White, kitten, 1st, Mrs. A. N. Bates, Eulita Street, Brighton, Mass. Black, male, 1st, Edwin S. George, Newtonville, Mass. Black, female, Abs., G. A. Rawson, 41 Vernon Street, Newton, Mass. Black, kitten, 1st, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, Crocker Street, Somerville, Mass. Blue or Silver, male, Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins, 47 Temple Place, Boston; 1st, Miss Burnham, 57 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Blue or Silver, female, 1st,

Somerville, Mass. Broken Colors, red or yellow, male 1st, George A. Rawson, Vernon Street, Newton, Mass. Tabby, brown or grey, with or without white, male, 2d, L. A. Rettmann & Co., 188 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.; 1st, C. E. Gilchrist, 5 Lexington Street, Charlestown, Mass. Tabby, brown or grey, with or without white, female, 2d, L. A. Rettmann & Co., 188 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.; V. H. C., Thomas Walsh, Grove Street, West Medford, Mass.; W. G. Kendall, Atlantic, Mass.; 1st, A., F. B. Homans, Hyde Park, Mass. Tabby, brown or grey, with or without white, kitten, 1st, Mrs. F. E. Sprague, Lynn, Mass. Tabby, blue or silver, with or without white. male, 2d, Miss Fanny Brooks, West Medford, Mass.; special, Mrs. Walter T. Emery, 388 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass.; Ist, A., Mrs. F. A. Sprague, Lynn, Mass. Tabby, blue or silver, with or without white, female 2d, Kate L. Clark, Auburn. Tabby, blue or silver, with or without white, kitten, 1st, Mrs. F. E. Sprague, Lynn, Mass. Tabby, red or yellow, with or without white, male, V. H. C. Res., Miss Fanny Brooks, West Medford, Mass.; 2d, Nathan E. Smith, Waltham, Mass., Box 142; 1st, A., J. S. Robinson, Boston, Mass.

Tabby, red or yellow, with or without white, female, 1st, J. S. Robinson, Boston, Mass. Any other color, female, V. H. C. Res., Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, Crocker Street, Somerville, Mass.; V. H. C., Mrs. W. E. Gilford, Auburndale, Mass.; 1st., William George Ferguson, Tappan Street, Brookline, Mass.; Geo. E. Moore, 327 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; 2d, Mrs. Geo. W. Terrill, Brookline, Mass. Any other color, kitten, 1st, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, Crocker Street, Somerville, Mass.

Manx Cats: Manx cats, any color, male, 1st, Oakland Farm, Taunton, Mass. Manx cats, any color, female, 1st, Mrs. F. G. Jackson, 17 Follen Street, Cambridge, Mass. Manx cats, any color, kitten, 1st, Oakland Farm, Taunton, Mass. Short Haired Gelded cat, V. H. C., Master William Ellery Bright, Jr., Waltham, Mass.; 2d, Miss Elizabeth Leslie Bright, Waltham, Mass.; Reuben G. Jones, 125 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.; V. H. C. Res., Chas. L. Countie, 29 Chambers Street, Boston, Mass. Long Haired Gelded cat, V. H. C. Res., Mrs. F. E. Sprague, 269 Boston Street, Lynn. Mass.; 1st, Mrs. F. E. Sprague, 269 Boston Street, Lynn, Mass.; 2d, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, Crocker Street, Somerville, Mass.





"The experienced observer of Stageland never jumps at conclusions, from what he sees. He waits till he is told things."-JEROME K. JEROME.

BY ATHERTON BROWNELL

An Old-Time Favorite.—Clara Morris in Repertoire.—Shakespeare and Sudermann.—Modjeska Shows them Side by Side.—"Measure for Measure" and "Magda."—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in "Le Collier de La Reine." "Charlotte Corday" and "Camille."-Sothern as a Romantic Actor in "The Prisoner of Zenda."-"The Great Diamond Robbery."—The Boucicault Revivals.

HOSE whose habit it is to recall can only know what impression they with pleasure the palmy days of the past, who revel in the memories of actors and actresses of bygone years, must occasionally be brought up with a short turn when, for some reason or another, the past is brought sharply into contrast with the present, when the idols which were once worshipped are shattered by too sudden contact with the standards of

We can judge but little of the dramatic work of those actors who come to us only through the memory of others, whose impressions have been jotted down, as mine are now, when the made upon the observers of their time. But every now and again there is intruded upon the present a relic of the past-and I use the phrase in no disrespectful sense-as was the case when Clara Morris appeared in Boston at the Tremont Theatre for the week of December 23 in a repertoire.

I suppose no other American actress has ever received the frantic adulation which has been poured forth at the feet of this woman in the past, and, I am bound to say, that the reason for it is even now evident. But while the dramatic world has progressed she has stood still, and to witness a performrecollection is fresh upon them. We ance by her now is to see a mile-stone of the drama, marking the progress which acting has made and which the public mind has made in the last score of years. And the result is greater than

any optimistic dream.

It may be argued that the Miss Morris of to-day is not the Miss Morris of twenty years ago. Upon this point I can only take the opinion of those who were intimately associated with her in the flush of her success, and I find in this respect a unanimous expression to the effect that, barring the loss of a certain amount of magnetism, there is absolutely no change of method, of expression, or of technique. Indeed, as I remember her, a decade ago, in personal attractiveness she is vastly improved through regained health, and thus the balance is in her favor to-day.

Miss Morris was always a temperamental actress, never an intellectual one. She was always noted for the flashes of genius which illumined her whole work, and this is still true. But we feel, in those moments when the genius does not flash, the lack of that finished art which bridges over the most theatric of situations or which makes the most conventional of scenes endurable. In these passages we see a vulgarity of manner which would today prevent an artiste from rising to stellar heights, and a mawkishness of sentiment and manner which would be unpardonable in a modern actress. We are on the verge of laughter when we are suddenly swept away from ourselves by a burst of genius which causes us to realize the secret of her once wonderful power.

The greatest test of her ability is found in the last act of "Article 47." a play which in itself has been left far in the rear by the march of modern play-writing. I am speaking now of the general average of plays, and not of the isolated heights which stand out from the past, unscalable and unequalled. In this act we find a scene which no dramatist of to-day would be so bold as to write and no modern actress so bold as to attempt. But Miss Morris holds the stage alone for a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes portraying the approach of madness.

I have-purely as a visitor-spent several days within insane asylums, and I have seldom seen insanity which was not laughable in its portrayal. Occasionally it is pathetic in its expression, and always, in fact; but outwardly the gibbering of an imbecile, or the strange conceits of a madman, so affects our nerves as to make laughter much easier than tears. With this element entering into the portrayal of a mad scene,-if given realistically instead of dramatically, as in "Virginius,"-the power to hold the mirror up to nature, to hold an audience spellbound for a long period, is something which only a genius could do.

Again, in "Miss Multon," one of those plays which were founded upon "East Lynne," Miss Morris gave little excuse for her reputation until the last act was reached, when again her genius blazed forth and held her hearers in the thrall which is only felt in the presence of the greatest of nature's gifts. The heart strings were swept by her scene with her children, and we at once forgot her nasal twang, her continued attempt at portrayal of refinement through mock self-abasement, and the crudity of her method, in the brilliancy of the moment. It is very much like finding a diamond necklace in a dump heap.

In determining her present standing. what value shall we give to the genius which is undoubtedly hers, and what penalty shall we exact for the daubs with which she besmears the picture, leaving only here and there the semblance of a work of art? To this question I will not personally reply, but the public answers it by its attitude towards the actress. There are many actresses in America to-day who are far more favorably received on account of their even and well-balanced talent, which averages a higher level than that of Miss Morris with her heights and abysses. And the theatre-goer of today has arrived at a point where he can better appreciate a thoroughly rounded ensemble than an uneven rendition. He has a better sense of proportion, and cannot, because of the genius, forgive the gaucherie.

ances in Boston were likewise interesting. She played an engagement of two weeks at the Boston Theatre, beginning December 30, and in that time appeared in her repertoire comprising the plays with which her reputation is allied: "Mary Stuart," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Macbeth," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and adding two plays which are comparatively unfamiliar, Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" and Sudermann's "Magda."

The former of these two is unfamiliar, save to students of Shakespeare, through the fact that its character rather repulses actresses from attempting it. And because Modjeska has presented it, it does not follow necessarily that her auditors are any better acquainted with it. Indeed, he who knows "Measure for Measure" only through this production knows it not at all, for in the desire to eliminate that which is repugnant to popular taste she has emasculated the play, though, laughably enough, she has not eliminated the nastiness. To do that the whole play must be eliminated, for the trouble is radical, though, truth to say, by eliminating a scene here, a line there, and a phrase elsewhere, Modieska has so covered the cesspool that the unthinking observer will scarcely discover its presence. But it is there, nevertheless, breeding disease and distorting minds from a fair appreciation of the real play.

And I would not be thought to be putting myself on record against the dramatist who uses sin or even bestiality that he may from it extract the germ or point a moral. But in writing "Measure for Measure" Shakespeare pointed no moral any more than he did in writing "Pericles," if we admit this to be his work, and the mental resemblance between the two is the strongest proof of the authorship of the latter. He dealt here with bestial passion merely for dramatic purposes, for entertainment for the lax morals of the day; and the only recommendations for the play are its strong dramatic scenes and the poetic value of its lines.

But as played by Modjeska it is a

Mme. Modjeska's farewell perform- harmless affair, save that it conveys a wrong impression of the mood of the dramatist when writing it, and causes a misapprehension as to the exact value of the play, in proof of which I would cite a remark made by a lady to a certain learned doctor and professor of dramatic art when Shakespeare's filth was referred to in this play in her hearing. "Why, I have seen 'Measure for Measure," she said, "and it is a very beautiful play. Not objectionable at 911 25

"Madam," was the doctor's reply, "you cannot have read it."

I know that my opinion is not shared by all, for a critic whom I respect and honor has recently written of this play in the most laudatory manner, deprecating lightly the mood in which Shakespeare wrote, but holding that the immorality of it was, nevertheless, uplifting and noble. I fail to see the nobleness of the play save in the one character of Isabella. Shakespeare had no purpose at hand, as did Dumas. when he wrote any one of the many plays which deal with illegitimacy; which Sudermann had when he wrote "Die Ehre," or which moved Ibsen when he wrote "Ghosts." But these plays are by some considered immoral and repulsive, while Shakespeare is still noble, even though we have to eliminate him almost to the vanishing point in order to make this play set well upon the modern moral and sensitive stomach, and despite the fact that by so doing we reduce "Measure for Measure" to the level of melodrama.

In contrast with this we saw a play by a modern master, "Magda," by Hermann Sudermann, one of those new men who have recently sprung up in Germany, and who have dared to violate the long used tenet that "we go to the theatre to be amused." Sudermann says, "Yes, I will amuse you, but you must think as well, and you must consider some of the serious problems of life if you care to see my plays." And Germany cares to see them, and the rest of the world is forced to see at least this one, for in the character of Magda not only Modjeska, but Bernhardt and Dusé, have found a rôle

worthy of their talents. America is not yet ready, however, as a whole, to accept the play which is really serious. As one lady said to me after this performance of Modjeska's, "I'm afraid I don't care for the naked truth," and when I suggested that a ballet skirt made it more attractive she eagerly assented; and this, I take it, is very much the attitude which the average American theatre-goer takes towards the truthful presentment upon the stage of the real problems of life.

For "Magda" is that, although the problem it presents is not one which is so common in America as in the older countries, where the father by long usage is not only the head of the home, but a tyrannical one as well, and rules with a rod of iron. It is his idea of happiness which must govern others, and the liberty of the individual is subordinated to the ideas of the monarch of the hearthstone. Here individual liberty is more freely conceded, and it is individual liberty which is the plea of this play, a plea which is strongly made and vividly presented by a man who is essentially a dramatist, who uses the arts of the playwright powerfully, whose characters are clear cut, and whose contrasts are sharp and telling. Great is the power of contrast.

I think I may fairly say that "Magda" is one of the great plays of the century. though in doing so I am obliged to swallow words of mine written on the occasion of the first presentation of the play in this city. I then admitted its strength, but could not admit its ground. To-day I feel that my first opinion was wrong, and herein is seen the fallibility of critical judgment when a play is seen through the eyes of others-these others being the actors. An interpretation of a rôle which can only be considered through an actor's interpretation instead of through the play itself in reading form. For in the present production there was one important change in the cast, Mr. Joseph Haworth playing Major Schubert, instead of Mr. Otis Skinner. Mr. Skinner I have previously commended as a romantic actor

father he was so hard, so inflexible, that he aroused nothing but antagonism; and, as this rôle is the key to the whole play, it failed to unlock the treasures within.

Mr. Haworth was no less inflexible, no less the tyrannical father imbued with feudal ideas about the head of the family, but he contrived to invest it with a mellowness which made him possible. However much we might differ with him, we could still respect him and believe in his sincerity. He made it possible for us to view the problem presented from both sides, and I would not be surprised to find people who drew from the play a very different moral from mine, and whose sympathies went out to Major Schubert as mine do to Magda.

The father represents all the old world traditions as to family honor and pride. The daughter represents individual freedom to and over the verge of selfishness and immorality. That last word should be withdrawn. Magda had sinned, but she had sinned through love and been betrayed. That is unfortunate but not immoral-on her part. Perhaps she has even gone farther, as she intimates, but this is no more than an intimation, and brings about a stupendous dramatic situation. We have been led up to the point where Magda's honor is to be repaired through marriage with the man who betrayed her. He honorably (sic) offers himself as a sacrifice now that she has become wealthy, beautiful, and famous. Family pride impels the father to insist upon this, and his sense of propriety causes him to respect the man who thus offers his hand.

But what of Magda? Loathing now the wretch who deserted her in poverty, can she repair her stained honor by allying herself to him in marriage? Shall she now legally prostitute herself, and would this action be the crime. or was she more pure when she illegally gave all for true love? Something of this very bold question must have been in her mind when she finally submitted to her father's will, a submission, however, which could not last of great power, but in this rôle of the in the face of the potent selfishness

now use her basely as a stepping-stone to his own success. It is made plain that such a marriage would be the worse crime, but such a conviction could never penetrate the brain of the father. It is here that Magda says, "Are you sure that he was the only one?" bringing about the tragic and only logical denoument, the father's

Modjeska, in retiring at this time, will leave upon the public a last impression which will in no way diminish her previously gained reputation. In this she is wise, as well as fortunate, for our last remembrance of her as an actress will be as we have seen her. She has retained her hold upon herself, and advancing years have not been able to materially injure her work, while ripe experience has given a mellowness to her art which is most unusual. In playing Shakespearian rôles, she has met always with one great obstacle,-her inability to read blank verse, largely on account of her only partial mastery of the English language, so that the verse comes haltingly from her lips. Behind that, in the action, lies her power, and it is because this fault does not hold in Sudermann's prose play that she is here untrammelled, and gives, perhaps, the nearest to a wholly satisfactory performance in her entire repertoire.

Of a very different class of play from any that I have mentioned is "The Queen's Necklace," in which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew appeared at the Hollis Street Theatre for the week beginning January 6, this being the first production in Boston. Here the play is not the thing, it is merely the excuse for the display of handsome gowns and good scenery. As its plotfor there is one—is laid in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI., and as the scenes transpire in the court of Louis and Marie Antoinette, as well as at Little Trianon, it will readily be seen that the opportunity for display is unbounded. What might at first have been a fairly decent play, and which has still one or two scenes of some dramatic merit,

of the man in the question, who would model; and as the description of gowns is somewhat out of my line, there is very little left to say, beyond the fact that Mrs. Potter wore these gowns to perfection, that Mr. Bellew played the Cardinal de Rohan as well as the author would let him, and that Mr. Augustin Daly took every advantage of the opportunities offered him for presenting a fine scenic spectacle.

But in the second week of their engagement Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew devoted their time to real dramatic work, presenting "Charlotte Corday" and "Camille." The former of these plays has previously been seen in Boston by a very select few, but it was seen by more during this engagement, and it fully deserves wider acquaintance with theatre-goers. It is not a great play, but it is a very worthy one, and clings closer to historical facts than most historical plays. Not only does it fairly represent the time, but the pictures presented of Charlotte Corday and Jean Paul Marat are more faithful portraitures than is usually the case. The episode in itself is intensely dramatic. and I wonder that a successful play has not been written around it before

Mrs. Potter's Charlotte is decidedly good, and it must rank high, for it is inspired by earnestness and an intellectual appreciation of the character. There is, however, about Mrs. Potter's technique, a hardness and an inflexibility which is unpleasant. In her stronger scenes there is a demand made upon her elocution which it cannot fully meet, and the result is a strained and tense method of expression, a mannerism, which raises a barrier, as it were, to popular appreciation of her work as a whole. But, underlying this, and trying, as it were, to break through the bonds which confine it, I believe I see true dramatic fire and feeling. In moments of quietness this seems to steal through the guard of consciousness and to subtly make its way forth, as in her third act of "Camille;" and in moments of tragic strength, when the external manifestation is governed by no rules of procedure, we forget the mannerhas been transposed into a modiste's ism, as in the really great scene in "Charlotte Corday," the moment when, inspired by a belief in her mission and by thoughts of the biblical Judith, she strikes Marat surely and to his heart.

Mr. Bellew's Marat is a great piece of acting. Seldom have I ever seen so vivid a portrayal of any character as that which he gives us. Mansfield gives us a similar performance as the Baron Chevrial; Irving gives it to us in "The Lyons Mail," "Louis XI.," and "A Story of Waterloo," but none of these are mightier than Mr. Bellew's Marat. That it is at times repulsive is true, because Marat was a repulsive character, and Mr. Bellew spares us little by his realism. For he plays Marat from within and shows us all phases of "the people's friend," the man who contributed more than his share to the Reign of Terror. There is one act of Mr. Bellew's playing of Marat which is vivid in the extreme-that immediately preceding his assassination, and in which his fears so work upon him that he becomes affrighted at his own reflection in a mirror, and falls shrieking to the ground in abject terror, a scene which those who have beheld it cannot easily forget.

But it is as Camille that I must give to Mrs. Potter the highest place, a place with the few other great exponents of the rôle of the present day; and to Mr. Bellew, I must accord the credit of being the one and only true exemplar of Armand Duval. There can be no legitimate question about this any more than there can be about his Romeo, which is, as I remember it, one of the few well-nigh perfect Shakespearian interpretations now before the public. But it is of "Camille" that I am now speaking.

Mr. Bellew's Armand must be considered first, perhaps, because its representation throws much light upon Mrs. Potter's Camille. The two are indissolubly connected and could not be played apart; the author is interpreted by both characters together, and they must stand or fall together. Unless Camille be a certain kind of a woman, Dumas' Armand would not exist; for instance, the Armand of Mr. Bellew could not by any possibility fall in love

with the Camille played by Miss Olga Nethersole, nor could the Armand that Miss Nethersole demands from her leading man command the attention of Mrs. Potter's Camille and arouse in her the fire of true love.

Mr. Bellew's Armand is a man of very little carnal passion. He can love and love deeply, so deeply that all else is lost within it, but it is a pure love, the love which goes out to the underlying beauty of Camille's character, the love which would endure, as he says, "for all eternity." Such a man might become infatuated for the time being with the Camille played by Miss Nethersole, but his "for all eternity" would be a mockery. The fire of passion would burn hotly for a time, consuming itself in its own blaze, and nothing but ashes would be left. The episode would be looked back to by Camille as a moment of foolishness; she would go back to her old life, and Armand would settle down and marry some good girl with thick ankles and a phlegmatic temperament. He might continue to dream of his ideal, for this Armand is an idealist, but he would more likely become a cynic or grow fat on a farm.

Therefore the Camille that this Armand would love must be very different from Miss Nethersole's, and Mrs. Potter's certainly is radically different. Miss Nethersole's will appeal more strongly to the multitude for the time, but it is not lasting. Mrs. Potter's Camille, once loved, must be always loved. The physical has no part in its interpretation; for, from the moment she meets Armand, her soiled body is no longer thought of, and it is her unsullied soul which goes out to his. This is idealism as opposed to realism, but we must take the play in the spirit in which it was written. Dumas was at this time in the flush of youth, and he idealized this character before he had become a realist. Perhaps Miss Nethersole is too real and Mrs. Potter too ideal. The former gives us little evidence of the soul, for the body is always in evidence. I think her love is pure, but it is also of that comfortable kind which we find in the cat which takes delight in rubbing itself against

one's legs and purring. Mrs. Potter's has too little of the animal within it, for in her first act she fails of being the courtesan. I cannot imagine her Camille being so successful at her trade as Miss Nethersole's, but this very thing gives rise to the attraction which she would have for Armand. It is said that up to the time of his death, Alexandre Dumas never failed to visit the grave of Marie Duplessis, the original of the character of Camille, yearly, and to place thereon a wreath of flowers. I do not believe that Dumas would remember Miss Nethersole's Camille in this way; it is quite possible that he would always entertain this pure reverence for the Camille which Mrs. Potter gives us.

In their expression of their respective conceptions Miss Nethersole has the advantage, because this expression requires less finesse and quietly artistic work. Broad strokes tell with the multitude, and it is by broad strokes that Miss Nethersole paints Camille. Mrs. Potter, on the other hand, plays with remarkable delicacy, and this requires for its success such remarkable technique as Mr. Bellew possesses, and which Mrs. Potter has not yet acquired, although she has made great advances in her art. Her faults are allowed to stand forth in bold relief in the heavier scenes, but in the more restrained and self-contained moments she is admirable. Mrs. Potter impresses me as a woman who always has hold of herself so hard that she cannot be wholly free. If she could only let go!

And before leaving this subject I must speak a word of the production which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew give, for it is thoroughly artistic, one which I have never seen equalled. I do not now refer to the scenic surroundings, but to the ensemble which is seen in the action. Take, for instance, the ballroom scene. It is usual for actresses to fill this room with women whose beauty will not detract from their own charms. In this production the room is filled with brilliantly handsome women, largely of a fleshly type, almost any one of whom would be chosen before Camille for the gratification of

passion. But in this scene Camille is the only one whose beauty would appeal to a man of culture and refinement for more than the passing hour. And dramatically the climax is worked up to a height through the ensemble of the entire company, which is in every way to be warmly commended. And there is a lesson in this which other stagemanagers would do well to study carefully.

In "The Prisoner of Zenda." dramatized by Edward Rose from the novel by Anthony Hope, which Mr. E. H. Sothern presented at the Boston Museum for a run beginning January 13, we are frankly transported into the realm of romance, and it is well that this should be so, for we are, in a practical age, losing much of our imagination. Said one man to me, "Don't you think this story is improbable?" course it is improbable; so is "Paradise Lost," but it is improbable with a sense of possible probability, a mixture of romanticism with a semblance of reality. We frequently see plays which we denominate as improbable, because they are absurd and ridiculous and because of their lack of imagination. Dreams are commonly improbable, and yet the imagination is at the time so free that we accept their incidents without question; they do not strike us at the time as being unreal, for, rather, the most wildly ridiculous or horrible of sleeping fancies seem for the moment to be terribly real. And who ever felt surprise at anything which happened in a dream?

There is something of this subtle quality about "The Prisoner of Zenda," for it transports us smoothly and with no jar from a world of commonplaceness into a romantic realm, in which for the time we live. The play possessed for me, and I am forced to believe for others as well, if I may judge from the wonderful hold it has upon the public, the same charm which "The Three Guardsmen" exerted when first read, and this is purely the mission of the romantic school. It possesses that rare faculty of drawing the auditor into the story, the footlights are abolished, and there is no longer a dividing line between player and playgoer. The audience does not sit without in cold and critical observation; for I doubt not that every man feels himself a hero, and believes that gold lace and a sword would become him far better than a top hat and walking-stick.

I am not in a position to compare the play with the book, for I have reserved for myself the pleasure of reading the story after considering the play, mindful of the fact that this is a reversal of the usual mode of procedure. Oftentimes a novel dramatized becomes successful, but only because the story is so well known in all its details that the auditor supplies the necessary filling. His imagination has been assisted to such a point that he can easily furnish the needed links to round out the story of the play, if lamely told, and repair the breaches made in it by the playwright's tools. Such I felt to be the case with "Trilby," which every one had read, and which as a play was merely a series of living pictures carelessly hung on one line.

On the other hand, certain novels which are not so well known fail signally because there is not the knowledge at hand to fill the gaps, or, if the Knowledge be present, there is a feeling of disappointment that all which the novel contained could not be transferred to the stage. In order, then, that "The Prisoner of Zenda" might stand before me on its merits as a play, I have put the novel by, and speak now of the drama alone. And it appears in this light to be strongly constructed, and its interest is certainly held unflaggingly to the end. To the end, did I say? Not quite. We have seen the action progressing rapidly, and we have proceeded to the climax through the clash of arms and the plots of intriguers, until that final scene when Rudolph Rassendyll takes final leave of the Princess Flavia, whose love he has won while occupying the place of his cousin and his double. From rapidity of action we drop at once into quiet dialogue, a dialogue in which argument and discussion plays an important part; and, while their final leave-taking is pathetic and the only

logical ending, as the characters are drawn, it is, nevertheless, a lame and impotent conclusion.

Mr. Sothern makes his début in this play as a romantic actor, and it is by far the best work he has ever done. There is a deal of versatility required to play the three rôles which he assumes, one in the prologue and two in the play, each having strong points of contrast with the others, and these contrasts he marks strongly and well. His personality, always his chief charm, is never concealed, for he is one of those actors who makes his own individuality fit that of the character he is playing, rather than vice versa, and he is one of the few that can do this without committing an artistic sin. From the stateliness of the prologue to the rather dare-devil, happy-go-lucky, honest fellow we see in Rudolph Rassendyll is a wide step, but it is no wider than the step from Rassendyll to the Rudolph. the red Elphberg, the same man outwardly, but within a dissolute, weak, craven ruler. These phases are all represented by Mr. Sothern with consummate skill, adding vastly to the reputation which he has previously won.

I have also watched Miss Grace Kimball with a great deal of interest during her brief career, and her work as the Princess Flavia only stimulates this interest. For this rôle is one which could easily be made impossible. Here might be met a difficulty in showing through the hauteur of the princess the true, warm, and loving woman's heart, without detracting somewhat from the outward elevation of the character. But it is in this that we find Miss Kimball's chief success. She is always the princess, always the woman. Never can we forget that she is both. There is, perhaps, one fault in Miss Kimball's work, a fault of technique, and that is a slight tendency to be mechanical, which avoided would add materially to her rendition.

While "The Prisoner of Zenda" was appealing strongly to the natural melodramatic instincts of the most refined theatre-goers, another theatre, the Columbia, was presenting to its patrons

type, in which the imagination played small part, and in which virtue and vice walked hand in hand, virtue triumphing, of course, in the end. This was "The Great Diamond Robbery," which is essentially like the cheap detective story of the day, and which transports us suddenly from the mansions of the rich to the haunts of the honest poor; from gilded vice to squalid sin. Its chief interest lay in the fact that its developments turned largely upon the recent exposure of police corruption in New York, and also introduced a character similar to the notorious Mother Mandlebaum, a rôle played by Janauschek, but which is far beneath her powers. As in most successful melodramas of this type, there is considerable constructive skill shown, the various dramatic elements being worked for all they are worth, and in this sense it may be pointed out that the melodrama is by no means a bad object lesson to students of the drama. There is much to be learned from them, for their mechanism is usually so thinly disguised that it can easily be seen, and they become an interesting study in the anatomy of a play. And while learning what to do they also teach what to avoid.

The Boucicault revival for three

a melodrama of the more conventional weeks at the Bowdoin Square Theatre was an interesting event theatrically for several reasons: first, because it offered a chance to see the real Irish play again, and second, because Aubrey Boucicault appeared in the rôles made familiar by his father. The plays presented were "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," and "The Colleen Bawn," all of which possess that Celtic unction which made Boucicault, and which is lacking in other Irish plays. It is this and the true Irish wit, as well as the heart-beats within the plays, which cause them to be distinctive and interesting even to-day when their construction appears archaic and old-fashioned. But their charm is still potent.

In young Boucicault we have an actor who is better fitted than his father to realize to the eye the rôles he plays, but it would be too much to expect from him the consummate art which his father possessed as an actor, or the peculiar and almost undefinable charm which he exerted both as actor and author. Miss Sadie Martinot was a familiar figure in the rôles which she played with the father, as also did Kate Ryan, but beyond these there was little of interest in the casts, as the plays were not presented with the care which marked their earlier produc-





BY FRANK H. SWEET



eturah allen sat out under the grapevine arbor knitting. It was only nine o'clock in the morning—an unchristian hour to knit, as most

busy housewives would have said, and which Keturah herself acknowledged in the depths of her lonely, disquieted heart-but what could she do? Since the Conqueror came she had no resource against time except knitting and missionary work, and even her charityloving heart could not find the shadow of an excuse for making poor-calls this morning. Meadowville was a small place, and since the Ladies' Missionary Society and the Children's Mission Band had been organized, the two or three poor families had found it a sinecure to keep their poverty before the public. Even the most liberal of the work lovers were forced to admit that their protégés were becoming more and more shiftless and lazy.

Keturah loved charity work and hated knitting, and it was this same hate that made her cling to it so assiduously. If she had lived in the right age her sensitive conscience would have provided her with sackcloth and ashes.

It was in the lush of middle June, and the odors of honeysuckles and roses were mingled with those of ripening strawberries and pungent garden herbs. Pollen-dusted bees and iridescent butterfiles flitted about in the sunshine, and among the tendrils of the grape-vine above her head was the half-concealed nest of a yellow warbler. Nothing was afraid of Keturah. Even now one of the warblers was twittering a contemplative interlude not three feet away from her clicking needles.

But Keturah was in a disturbed frame of mind this morning, and was not even conscious of her tiny friend's presence. She could hear the Conqueror bustling about in the kitchen,her kitchen, now,-rattling dishes, opening and shutting oven doors, whistling -yes, actually whistling-to the canary bird, and now and then indulging in a snatch of high-pitched, breezy song. Keturah listened with mingled emotions. The Conqueror was a splendid housekeeper; she was glad to admit that, both for her brother and her conscience' sake, but she was so energetic and so strong-minded, and so capable. She did all her house-work,

and looked after the poultry and flower-garden; she was president of the Missionary Society, and found plenty of time to visit and receive calls. Keturah admired her vastly, and even liked her in a rebuffed sort of way; but somehow, even from her vantage ground of inside spectator, she could never quite understand how one woman could accomplish so much. Every morning her conscience made her offer to help with the work, and every morning the Conqueror looked at her with a calmly superior air and said that slow help was a bother.

And that is why Keturah's mornings were spent in the grape-vine arbor, or out making poor-calls. She wanted to like the Conqueror, and tried with all the strength of her tender, shrinking heart. Was she not her brother's wife, and her own sister-in-law? and was she not the best housekeeper and the most capable manager in all Meadowville? But even with all these attractions. Keturah could not force her sensitive, refined nerves to ignore this new order of bustle and energy and self-assertion.

And there was another thing. For three-and-twenty years Keturah had been the undisputed mistress of the establishment; doing the work in her quiet, prim, lady-like way, and never dreaming that the years would bring other change than what rightfully belonged to them. She had been housekeeper for her father until he died, and then for her brother; and although she had once thought-and hoped-that her brother might marry, such a possibility had gradually been lost sight of. He had just passed his fortieth birthday, and she her forty-third, when the Conqueror came.

Keturah was not combative, and she honestly tried to take the new order of things according to the light her conscience indicated; but her resolutions were not as strong as the nature handed down by half-a-dozen generations of aristocratic ancestors. At the end of a month she had gone to her brother and asked for her share of the property, so that she might go off and live by herself. At first he had been incredulous, then sarcastic. Their

father had expressed a hope that the property would not be divided, he had told her; and, besides, he could not let her have her share without selling the homestead, and he would not do that. And, furthermore, he had advanced the unnecessary argument that she was too old to live by herself. She had winced a little at this thrust. It sounded so like the bristling assertions of the Conqueror that she turned away, hurt and silenced.

But it was true, she told herself, remorselessly; she was getting to be quite an old woman. And she went to the glass to overwhelm her worldliness with a proof of the fact. But somehow the glass did not carry out the sentence of the assertion. Her skin was still soft, and her cheeks had the same delicate flush that had made her a belle in the far-off days of her girlhood; and there was not a single grey intruder among all the glossy brown hair that was coiled and massed upon her head.

She was thinking of her future now, as she sat under the grape-vine arbor listening to the self-assertive work of the Conqueror in the kitchen, and oblivious of the persuasive twittering at her side. Deep down in her heart she was trying to steel herself to something desperate; to go away, to seek employment—anything. If her brother would not give up her share of the property she would surely be able to earn a living somewhere.

A quick step on the gravel walk brought her eyes from the needles and her thoughts from the future.

"Oh, here you are, Miss Keturah! I've looked for you everywhere," and Florence, the Conqueror's sister, bustled into the arbor and plumped herself down on the seat beside Keturah. Florence was eighteen, very vivacious, very dumpy, and very much in love with herself. Added to this, she was the pride and admiration of the Conqueror's heart.

At the to her to her could get breath. "The Rev. Charles off and d been Their to the Missionary Society next week.

and is coming here to stay. What do you think of that? Going to stay here with us a whole week!"

Keturah rose quickly, and then sat down and began to ply her needles with desperate energy. She did not even notice that she was knitting back over the same needle.

"What do you mean, child?" she gasped, in a voice that she intended to be calm. "How do you know?"

"Why, what a woman you are," laughed the girl. "One can't even mention missionary work but you go off into the fidgets. Catch me ever getting so struck on charity as that. But it's true! Your brother was at the depot when he got off the train this morning, and he invited him here. I was in your brother's store and saw him, and he's just splendid," enthusiastically; "six feet high and more, and carries himself like a regular soldier. Your brother told me to hurry back and let you all know he was coming." She was silent for a few moments, with a self-satisfied smile on her pretty face, then burst out with: "I'm going to set my cap for him. I'm just sick and tired of this poky place, and I always did want to go to Japan and China, and those foreign countries."

"Child, child!" remonstrated Keturah, "he's more than twice your age."

"Only forty-five," said the girl, perversely; "I heard him tell your brother so. That's just the right age in a man. And there's nobody round here can hold a candle to him. I don't believe there are many real handsome women in Japan; and you know, Miss Keturah, a smart girl can do almost anything with a man in a week."

"Maybe he's married, child--"

"No, he ain't, for your brother asked him. He keeps house, and has a Chinaman to cook and do his work. My sister says I must look sharp, for he's the best catch there ever was in this town. He's awful rich, even if he is a missionary." She was silent again for some minutes, tapping her foot complacently against the rustic work of the arbor. Then she looked at Keturah with sudden interest.

"He said he used to live here when

he was a young man. Did you know him, Miss Keturah? You must be old enough to remember most everything."

"He went to school with brother and me," said Keturah quietly. "He used to live in that house across the street. I believe he was considered a very nice young man then."

"I should think so!" scornfully. "At any rate, he's the finest man I ever saw. But there they come now!" and she hurried away as two men turned in the gate and came leisurely up the gravel walk toward the house.

Keturah did not rise. But half an hour later she was conscious, without looking up, that some one had left the house and was coming directly toward the grape-vine arbor.

"Miss Keturah?" and she rose calmly, and gave him her hand.

"I am glad to see you, Charles," she said cordially. "It's been a long time since you were here."

"Yes, a long time—" then Florence bustled into the arbor and bore him off to look at the flower-garden.

The next few days Keturah saw very little of him. Florence had him in charge most of the time, making poorcalls, wandering about the fields, or on the piazza chatting of the delights of travel and missionary work. But on the fifth day Florence was obliged to go to her dressmaker to try on an elaborate costume she was having made for the missionary meeting. While she was gone, the Rev. Charles Barden found his way across the lawn to the grape-vine arbor where Keturah sat knitting. She greeted him quietly, and made room for him on the seat beside her.

"I haven't seen as much of you as I hoped," he began gravely, as he sat

"There's been considerable going on," she said.

"Yes; I have been trying to get a chance to speak with you alone, but this is my first opportunity. Do you remember our last conversation—before I left?"

She did not answer, but her needles began to click more rapidly.

"It was in this very arbor, you re-

member, twenty-five years ago. I asked you to go away with me, and you said that your father was growing old and needed you, and that it would not be right to leave him. Keturah, will you go back with me now? Your father is dead, and your brother is provided for. No one needs you here."

The knitting fell to the ground unheeded, and a warm, rich color stole into her face.

"But I am getting to be an old woman now, and you are in the prime of life." "Ah, indeed!" quizzingly. "I am controlled and one forty three and

forty-five and you are forty-three; just the same difference between us as there was twenty-five years ago. Will you go back with me?"

But still her conscience made her demur.

"Would not a younger woman do you more good, Charles?"

"I want you, Keturah." The grave voice growing earnest and tender. "I

member, twenty-five years ago. I asked you to go away with me, and you said that your father was growing old and needed you, and that it would not be "Yes." wanted you twenty-five years ago. I want you now. I shall want you always. Will you go back with me?"

At the supper table that evening the Rev. Charles Barden looked across at his host.

"I believe I haven't yet told you, John, that Keturah is going back with me," he said composedly.

"No? You don't mean it?" And John Allen looked from one to the other in incredulous amazement. Then he rose hastily and shook each of them by the hand. "I don't suppose it will be any use to object," he said jocosely. "Keturah is of age, and knows her own mind. But really, Charles, I congratulate you. She is a fine woman, if I do say it."

And from her side of the table Florence looked across at Keturah and made a grimace, and then went on calmly with her meal.





## THE EARLY DAYS OF THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz

IRDS of a feather flock to-Hawthorne somewhere suggests, classifying the community on grounds quite different from our present ones of wealth, birth, and other "society" distinctions. He supposes a classification according to qualities, thus bringing together the true, the brave, the loving, the unselfish, the kind, the wise, and in the same way their opposites. The conception of the resulting condition of things is at least interesting. It would just about correspond to the heaven and hell of theology. The one a state of blessedness, the other of torment; though it is doubtful if even in this earthly world the blessed would enjoy as exultingly the sight of those in torment, and sing so rapturously the hallelujahs inspired by their own blessedness, as "the redeemed" portrayed in the sermons of Edwards and others of the old-time divines.

It is evident enough that by a character classification some of those now dwelling in palaces and mansions,

whether good or bad, would find themselves in close companionship with some in the "low classes," and that some occupants of our jails and almshouses would stand side by side with some of the millionaires; and, indeed, Hawthorne's re-arrangement would efface many of our present social boundary lines. Curiously enough -and it will seem more so as advancement goes on-these are drawn largely on an upholstery basis, together with that of location, both these being determined by money. Those who can afford a residence in certain streets of high degree, in expensive houses having furnishings in every way of the first quality, may associate, and may help to constitute "society." This is, of course, absurd, since none of these belongings can associate with each other. Still, wherever such limitations exist they are indestructible. Not even the supposed unifying influence of "religion" can destroy them. For while worshippers may gather around a common altar, and mingle

their petitions to a common Father, yet outside the building this transient oneness dissolves, and the component parts fall naturally into the same old lines, and intercourse is again resumed on "society" limitations, especially among women.

"society" limits are less Where marked, the social intercourse is often shaped by religious beliefs. This comes naturally from the fairs and church festivities, and the various social means depended upon for what is called supporting religion. Indeed, the preparation for all these bring the same people so continually together that some towns are to some degree socially mapped out on denominational lines. And though the spirit of toleration more and more abounds, yet it cannot be denied that in many places people do have a realizing sense of difference, according as beliefs differ in regard, we will say, to the Trinity, the Atonement, or other doctrines considered by some to be fundamental.

Now the social side of women's club life recognizes none of these distinctions. The members meet on a common human basis. If some are more considered or better liked, their companionship more sought, it is because of their intrinsic qualities or of their richer acquirements; in other words, because they are brighter or kinder, or wittier or more courteous, or better informed than others. So far as there is any aristocracy it is that of mind, of thought, genius, talent. They have a common desire for advancement in wisdom and knowledge, and for human welfare. A grand idea is enthusiastically received, even if not uttered with the "society" intonation. Wit and humor create a general merriment, and we all know that laughter is a wonderfully unifying influence. This continued intercourse of people who would not otherwise come together does of itself bring about a genuine togetherness. The various human angles and sharp corners become rounded off. Differences melt away. The "liberals" may find there is a spiritual significance in certain doctrines they had considered unmitigably narrow, and the "conservatives" may find true godliness among those whom they had regarded as hopelessly in error. Thus the more extended and intimate the companionship, the wider would be the significance and fewer the limitations of our proverb, "Birds of a feather."

The founders of the New England Women's Club of Boston considered "rest, comfort, and social enjoyment important elements in its life." The importance of sociability in promoting union was fully recognized, and as the prevailing idea of sociability seems indissolubly connected with the partaking of nourishment, it instituted club teas. It was ordained that on the third Monday of each month the customary gathering should continue far into the evening; moreover, that at the close of the afternoon session the club should instantly drop from its intellectual and altruistic heights, and simply be funny, and if not as funny as it could, at least entertaining and amusing. The delightful presiding of its long-honored president unites all desirable qualities, and to these are added the shrewdness and penetration which has fathomed pockets, and thus compelled suspected individuals to stand and deliver concealed gems of poetry or prose. Such as had neither were often compelled to yield up stories, anecdotes, incidents, personal experiences; perhaps opinions were suddenly demanded on this or that perplexing question. On one occasion there was a pre-arranged debate on the proposition: Shall there be legislation regulating the height of hats worn at public entertainments? The affirmative side sustained itself with so many good reasons, presented so forcibly and with a mock seriousness so convincing, that some present were "almost persuaded" of the actual need of such legislation. The other side was equally eloquent, and to its forcible arguments added an object-lesson consisting of a row of tall young women wearing hats in the utmost height of the fashion, and sitting in front of a row of meek-looking short girls in hats of low degree. The entertainment was not always so farcical, and the aforesaid pockets have often yielded up poems and prose of rare merit. Music, too, has added its charms, by way of cheer and inspiration.

There have also been, at divers times, tableaux, charades, acted ballads, scenes from Dickens. The simplicity of the early teas seems now almost beyond belief, it being stated on official authority that the regular course was "bread and butter, salt fish or dried beef, and tea." The company was not excessively large at the beginning, but it was a case of quality far exceeding quantity, and the feast of unreason and flow of merriment were all the more exhilarating. One of the most enjoyable festivals of the club has been the lunch following its annual meeting in May, when the members and guests make a company requiring the spacious banquet-room of some one of Boston's grand hotels.

An enjoyable feature in the earlier period was the springtime Poetical Picnic. (French, pique-nique. To select delicate contributions for the table. Usually, excursions in the open air.) But those of the club were excursions into the open-air regions of the ideal. The "delicate" (round-table) "contributions" were those of mind, heart, and soul, and were seasoned with infinite variety of fancy, wit, humor, and sentiment. For some reason-probably from embarrassment of riches caused by the overflowing membership-these yearly festivities have for some time been discontinued. The following lines from a lively versified "reminiscence" given on some special social occasion, allude to them and other features of the earlier gatherings:-

I remember, I remember, How I was wont to muse, And wonder where the wings were

fledged,
They knew so well to use.
My heart was full of envy then,
And still I question now,

Where did they find Castalian springs
To bathe each noble brow?

Recognizing the divine principle of oneness as authoritative guidance, too much cannot be said of the social opportunities whereby can be united so many who, by differing conditions, habits of thought, life purposes, or local habitation, are so far removed from each other, for by such union all profit.

I remember, I remember,
When I first began to Club!
And from my modest corner peeped
At Wise ones of the "Hub."

I remember, I remember,
Those leaders grand and high;
I used to think their mighty thought
Was far beyond my sky.

. .

— the race is not yet done, And I'll hope I'm nearer to their heaven Than when I first begun.

Besides entertaining its own members, and aiding their advancement in various directions, the club affords to many women visiting the city, or sojourning therein, just the opportunities they desire of meeting personally Boston women known to them by reputation. Members of other clubs, and especially of distant ones, covet such acquaintance. On the other hand, the Bostonians - exalted as they are "in point of privilege" by simply being Bostonians - rejoice to come face to face with members of sister clubs, and particularly to learn the experiences of those in distant localities, as likely to have adopted original and, very possibly, improved methods and lines of work.

The extremes of our population can so easily be brought together by the present travelling facilities, and these are so extensively used, it would seem that every city and town should have some such social centre for making glad the heart of the pilgrim and the stranger.

#### A FEW CONJECTURES

BY GRACE HOWARD PEIRCE

HE Germans have a phrase for the attitude of persons hesitating to commit themselves on a subject, that they go round and round it like a cat around hot porridge. They may intend an eventual coming to close quarters with what is under consideration, but are disposed to make their primary investigations at a certain distance. Is not this the position adopted by most of us with regard to the latest literary dish offered for our delectation? The critics themselves, who discuss the symbolists, have very little to say about symbolism, dismissing it generally as an unimportant feature in the work of the new school of writers. One may hear it maintained also that symbolism has as definite an existence as had the renowned Mrs. Harris; there are people who do not believe that there is any such thing. The weird situations and peculiar turns of expression which appear to indicate more or less vaguely something or other, are, they say, purely for effect, a clever device for exciting that sensation of creepiness which is furnished by a good ghost story, and which tends to the reader's greater enjoyment. And, finally, the author of "Degeneration" would have us believe that symbolism is merely the trade-mark in a deliberately concocted scheme of self-advertisement.

And yet, with these several views to choose from, there is still a class of readers, probably the greater number, who cannot put the symbolism of the symbolists thus entirely on one side. They are persuaded that there is an occult signification to play or poem, and are uneasy until they can determine the nature of it. They are not reading as critics, to feel delight in

form and language as such, but for good plain enjoyment of the subject matter as well as of the shape it takes: and because to understand what they read has hitherto been a necessary part of the pleasure in reading, they persist in treating the symbolists like any other authors. What is the actual meaning of this, they ask themselves; but are shy of making answer, lest where so many are silent, an attack on the true inwardness of the subject should be in them too bold. And yet-to revert to our own private bit of symbolism-the worst that can ensue in risking a few individual conjectures is a burnt tongue, which mischance may be borne with equanimity if it incites others to a similar venture with happier results.

Maeterlinck, prominent among symbolists, lends encouragement to research by giving us to infer that symbolism has in his works, at all events, a positive existence. He speaks of two species of symbols. "One," he says, "which may be called the a priori, the symbol of intention, is developed from the abstract and is designed to clothe humanity with abstractions. . . . The other kind of symbolism would be more frequently unconscious, would occur in spite of the poet, often against his will, and would almost always outrun his thought. . . . I do not believe that works possessing the principle of life can be born from the symbol, but the symbol is always born from the living work. . . . If the symbolism be exalted it is because the work is truly human. If there is no symbolism, there is no art." And further, he says, in substance, that if he can successfully create real human beings and let them act in his mind as freely and naturally as they would in the universe, the right

sort of symbolism will be sure to ensue.

Some of us may feel that our conception of real human beings acting freely and naturally differs here and there from that of the poet. It may seem to us also that Maeterlinck adopts, on occasion, the a priori system of symbolism which he himself disowns, as quoted above. For example, the dramatic conditions in "The Blind" are definite, the characters speaking and acting as they must naturally have acted and spoken, whatever ulterior signification the piece may present. The director of a blind asylum, an old priest, takes his charges out into a wood and, saying that he must leave them, dies suddenly, they supposing the while that he has gone away intending to come back. The scene opens when hours have already passed, and the converse between the blind men and women turns wholly upon their strange situation until they discover the priest dead in the midst of them. Whereas the seven princesses lying upon marble steps in a hermetically sealed hall and sleeping their mystic sleep from which the prince alone may wake them, are presented under non-natural conditions and suggest strongly from the outset an a priori symbolism.

The old king and queen, grandparents of the prince, are on the terrace of the castle, at sunset, watching the approach, up the canal, of the ship, with all sails set, which brings Marcellus. It looms large in the evening mist, the sails touch the trees, say the king and queen to each other, and the vessel, a ship of war, looks broader than the canal itself.

What wonder, when it bears a prince in the strength and pride of youth, prepared to conquer fate? The symbolism, or better perhaps, a symbolism, springs into sight at once.

But the premonition of coming ill darkens over the scene. The old couple turn to look through the windows into the vast marble hall where, on the steps that divide it longitudinally, the seven princesses, in white robes and with bare arms, lie upon pale

silk cushions, a silver lamp throwing its light over their slumber.

The king would wake them but the queen says, wait until he is there. She dares not waken them.

Then Marcellus appears. The king and queen rejoice to see the prince grown so tall and fair; he wonders that their hair is white, his grandfather's form bent, his grandmother's limbs trembling. "We have been expecting you so long," she says. And again, a little later, "Where have you been so long?"

Marcellus asks for his cousins and through the window they are shown to him. At first he can hardly distinguish their forms; he counts them slowly, when he begins to see them better; he says how white they are, how beautiful! But why do they all sleep? They sleep always, the queen replies; they are so delicate they must not be wakened, they must wake of themselves; they are not happy at the castle, everything is too old for them there, and it is so cold too, they come from a warmer clime.

Still, the prince hardly seems to discern them clearly; he says at one moment that they are beautiful or that they are tall, and then again that it is only their little bare feet he can see distinctly. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that the seven princesses have no independent existence, a very real connection with Marcellus, but that they live only as possibilities of the future; seven—a mystic number denoting completeness, the sum of all to which he might attain.

Finally he makes out six of the sleepers, but there is one still whom he cannot see. "And which do you prefer?" the queen asks. "The one I cannot see," he answers. And that one is Ursula, Ursula who has waited for him seven years, night and day. "I knew you would have eyes only for her," the queen says sadly. But why does he look upon one alone when the other six are there? she questions. Why, except that they are there; he knows them; they are attainable; but upon Ursula there is a shadow. "I cannot see her

face," he says again and again, paying heed to nought else.

The queen, the embodiment of sympathy, draws him away from the windows, "Why did you not come sooner, Marcellus?" she asks. . . . "They have been waiting for you so many years . . . in that marble hall."

But the shadow in which Ursula lies creeps over everything. The sky is clouded, the wind blows through the willows. "There is a sound of weeping around the castle," says the prince. It is the falling of the rain upon the water, as if the very heavens wept. And just then voices are heard chanting in the distance, "Across the Atlantic we go," and again, "We shall come back no more. We shall come back no more." It is the sailors singing on board the ship that brought Marcellus and which now retraces her course.

"Will they come back no more?" the king inquires.

"I do not know," replies the prince.
"Perhaps they will not be the same."

We know already that they can never be the same. The glorious hopes, the lofty aspirations that brought him on his way, will indeed return no more. It is a drama of lost opportunity.

"You do not look happy, child," the grandmother says.

"I?" and we hear a certain vehemence in his tone, as if he were infected by her misgivings. "Why should I not be happy? I came to see her and I have seen her. I can see her nearer if I will. I can sit beside her if I will. Cannot I open the doors and take her by the hand? I can kiss her when I will; I have only to waken her. Why should I be unhappy?"

They return to the windows and the queen's agitation increases. A change has taken place within the hall. The sleepers had been lying, their hands clasped in one another's, but now the two on either side of Ursula have relinquished hers and the chain is broken. The lilies in the hall have closed—there are strange shadows—the lamp burns low.

Marcellus and the king and queen try

now in vain to wake the sleepers. They seek to enter the hall, but the windows do not open, the door is fastened from within. Only there is one other way, the way that they who have delayed too long must often take at last, through no matter what difficulty, at the cost of whatever sacrifice, if only yet it may not be too late. The gloom and dark forebodings that overshadow such a path are symbolized in a word or two, and in a style of which Maeterlinck has the secret. The way the prince must go to reach that other entrance to the hall is through a subterranean graveyard and a tomb. He must take a little lamp (the flame of hope) lest he should stumble against the gravestones; he must step with care upon the uneven slabs that pave the way, and there is a bust which bends its marble head somewhat too close upon the path, and a certain cross of which the arms are rather long. Finally he is to raise the unsealed slab that masks a tomb and find himself within the hall.

As Marcellus goes away, the distant chanting is heard again. "We shall come back no more. We shall come back no more." Then silence, and the ship disappears between the willows that line the canal.

The king and queen watch at the windows until the stone is lifted slowly and Marcellus ascends into the hall. Six of the princesses rise and gaze upon him in mute, bewildered astonishment, but Ursula lies motionless. Marcellus bends one knee to touch her arm extended inert along the silken cushions, starts up again and casts a long look of horror around upon the six pale sisters who, trembling, at first seem ready to take flight, then stooping all together raise Ursula and bear her to the topmost of the seven steps-a symbol, as one feels, that the loss will be ennobling in the end, although at that moment, Marcellus can only stand alone with his despair, unhearing the clamor of those who from without are striving vainly to get near him and to help, while a black curtain descends abruptly upon the scene.

This, told as concisely as possible and necessarily denuded of much that appears to tend in the same direction, is the symbolism which occurred to the writer of this paper, on a first reading of the "Seven Princesses" and which recurs persistently as often as it is read

Taking up the better known play, "The Blind," in the same manner, and granting, as we are probably all agreed, that its subject is the passing of the old order of things and the coming of the new, a great part of the symbolism suggests itself very naturally. The priest would then represent the conservative and authoritative principle of the present social system, irresistibly drawn though he is to lead his blind charges forth from the asylum (symbol of society walled about with custom and prejudice) out into the island on which the building stands-a little isle it is termed as if typifying the small space allotted to man in the universe, but offering infinite possibilities as compared with what has been left behind. The director himself, the blind people tell us, had never fully explored the island, and because he thought they ought to know something of the place where their lot was cast, he had brought them with him toward the shore where the sound of the sea (the symbol of changefulness) causes a vague agitation amongst them. We learn, too, from the women, that the director has been alarmed by certain signs in the unstable element; the cliffs of the island are not very high; he had made inspections but did not tell them what he saw; only he said that the reign of the old was perhaps well-nigh over, and now he had gone away, as they believed, to procure food for the insane blind woman and her child-the insane woman who may be taken for the summing up of the chaotic condition of society, and whose existence, hopeless and desperate though it seem, her little child has to carry onward under conditions yet hidden in the future.

It might be hazardous to assign a personality to each of the blind men and women yet there are certain who, on the talk of the director in his absence

hypothesis we have adopted, must surely be among them; philosophy and science may be groping for the dawn not less than ignorance itself, while the representatives of forms of faith in which the divine spark has been long extinct, mutter their formulas until they discover themselves bereft of all on which they leaned, and sink into silence. The "classes and the masses" are discernible at all events. fallen tree and the rocks which part the men from the women are a symbol of disunion, and under the strange conditions in which the little company finds itself, there seems to be a desire for approach, a searching at least to discern how far they may be apart. One of the blind men tries to make his way to the other side but comes in contact with the barrier. "There is something between us!" he says. Another asks, "Where are you sitting? Will you come to us?" And a third says, "Why did he separate us?" "I should like to know by whom I am sitting," they begin again almost directly. "I think I am beside you." "We cannot touch each other." "And yet," says one, "we are not so very far apart." He feels about with his stick and strikes the person nearest him who utters a low moan. "Ha! the deaf man is beside us," he says. The most unfortunate of all is this, doubly immured in his misery, the proletarian, spoken of with a slighting compassion by the others or with reprehension when, from long habit, he wails out stupidly, "Have pity upon a poor blind man." The one who touched him, too, we seem to recognize. Dives and Lazarus are never so very far apart, and they share a certain insensibility, It is Dives who least desired to leave the asylum and is most anxious to return to it; he, too, imbued with the mocking spirit of the age, who says "Oh! oh!" when the fair young blind girl tells how the priest took leave of her so sadly, and that he kissed her.

All these characters are acting in the author's mind "freely and naturally as they would act in the universe;" they

precisely as they might have talked. He is growing very old, getting blind, too, only he will not admit it for fear some one else should come to take his place, and he is uneasy since the death of the doctor-a practitioner who made a liberal use of anodynes, as we guess. How natural, too, that even in the falling of the leaves, the breath of the wind, the sound of the sea, there should be something momentous for them in their darkness. We ourselves hear with eerie expectation the sound of the dog's pattering feet, the "short, quick steps like a little child's," and feel a shudder of uncertainty as he comes in amongst them-the dog that, as they say, will obey them and take them where they want to go, instead of which his unerring instinct, like the leading of destiny, guides straight to the dead priest's side.

The symbolism which results from this free and natural action glances up like the sparkling wavelets of the sea around the island, but if it is not caught upon the instant it is gone. It is the right sort of symbolism, as its author tells us, but it is not the easiest sort to get hold of.

The central figure of the play is, of course, the young girl. She has perhaps less, certainly no more to say than the other characters, but it is to her that they all turn. It is to her that the director has opened his heart. It is she who feels a sweet pity for him-a divine compassion for everything. "How cold the earth is!" she exclaims at one time; and again, "O how hard the earth is!" It is she who comprehends and interprets for the others, as at the striking of the clock, for instance, a bit of mysticism connected with the idea of the symbolists that the renewal of society is to be from the North. When the twelve slow strokes are heard in the distance, the blind people ask each other, Is it noon or midnight?-midi and minuit in the French, the poetical terms also for South and North-and then, "We must go in the direction where it struck midnight," they say, and all the night-birds in the branches above them utter notes of exultation. "We

are not alone here!" cries one, in alarm. "Some one is listening to us!" suggests another. "I hear wings around me!" the young girl says. It is she too who knows where the flowers are growing that deck the graves of the dead past, she who wreathes the asphodels in her hair and holding high the child, goes forward to meet the mysterious approaching footsteps. The poor babe weeps inconsolably, the change that is to pass upon all things cannot be without pain, but it is in the arms of the flower of all the ages, of the Christian era, that he is borne onward into the unknown future.

In approaching Pelléas and Mélisande we are transported into another atmosphere. The action may still be free and natural but it is so on a different plane and in the magic realm of poesy and fable. In the ordinary course of things it is not precisely natural for maidservants to evince a fervid activity in cleansing the doorsill and the steps, nor would the porter be likely to tell them that though they poured the waters of the Deluge over the threshold, they would never accomplish their task. But when we come, a little later, to look back upon the first scene in the light (for it must be said) of a priori symbolism, to view it as the opening of an allegory, nothing could be more natural. If the "great festival" for which the servants were preparing is the coming of the Ideal into this lower world, it might well require the waters of a Deluge to purify it for the touch even of her feet. Without thinking of the world as a place of sorrow and pain, of sin and shame and long-established wrong that "smells to Heaven," as symbolized by the vaults beneath the castle into which Golaud takes Pelléas, regarding it merely as the ordinary work-a-day world, the Ideal would lose her crown in the mere descending to the dead level of the commonplace, wedding herself to it, indeed, in a union, the impossibility of which is symbolized by the losing of the ring.

And yet in a world like this, there is a place for the Ideal. She forms a natural union, let us say, with Poetry, or call it what we will, an inevitable union with whatever is highest and noblest, though it be in the very kingdom of common things. To understand her is all that is needful, but Golaud cannot do this. He shows some comprehension, at moments, of the nature of the bond between Pelléas and Mélisande, but then his furious jealousy bursts out afresh. And so at last the Ideal is slain—slain by a scratch that would not kill a bird, though Golaud can be wounded never so deeply and recover.

The death-bed scene is accompanied by some of the stage business to which Maeterlinck has accustomed us at the parting of a soul. When the maid-servants of the castle file into the room, we are a little inclined to ask, with Golaud, "Why have all these women come?" only that their presence is intensely effective which is, of course, in itself a sufficient reason why.

The play ends with a note of hopefulness amid the sobs, when the old king takes the babe in his arms and says that it must live and fill the place of

Mélisande. If the Ideal had been fitly mated, her child must have been both beautiful and strong, yet the poor little weakling babe is only the better qualified by its double nature to take the place its mother could not keep.

The writer of these few suggestions in regard to the three of Maeterlinck's dramas where symbolism is most apparent, wishes to say that no sort of authority is claimed for them. What is here put forth is simply a train of thought which occurred in reading the plays and which may or may not commend itself to other readers. Probably no one expects to feel very sure what these things mean until their author is unwise enough to reveal his own secrets. And may that day be far. The holders of the Mrs. Harris theory are quite right as to the effectiveness of a certain amount of mystery. What, for instance, if we should be told with authority, some day, that "The Blind" symbolizes nothing more than the coming of symbolism? It is quite possible to arrange the inner structure of the drama upon that basis though such a thought is to be rejected with dismay.



## Historical Parallel Column

### NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT

January, 1796.

1. Forts.—The British have made some progress in executing the Treaty near Detroit.

We are sorry to hear they cannot throw shells from their fort to ours, for if they cannot reach our forts, our shells will not reach theirs. Of course we cannot prevent the British from erecting a fort on their own ground.

4. The Standard of the French Republic.—In the House of Representatives at Philadelphia, the president's secretary was introduced with an American officer bearing the standard of the French Republic, sent by the Committee of Public Safety, organ of the National Convention, as a token of friendship to the United States. The secretary presented a message in writing from the president, with sundry papers accompanying it to the speaker, by whom they were read.

The following is a description of the flag: It is tri-color made of the richest silk, and highly ornamented with allegorical paintings. In the middle, a cock to represent the emblem of France, standing in a thunderbolt. At two corners diagonally opposite are represented two bomb-shells bursting; at the other two corners, other military emblems. Round the whole is a rich border of oak leaves, alternately yellow and green, the first shaded with brown and brightened with gold, the latter shaded with black and relieved with silver. In this border are entwined warlike musical instruments. The edge is ornamented with a rich gold fringe. The staff is covered with black velvet, crowned with a golden pike, and enDecember, 1895.

20. In Memory of Frederick Douglass.— Faneuil Hall was this evening filled with an audience of colored people, gathered there to participate in memorial services in honor of Mr. Douglass.

The occasion was under the auspices of the city council, and the arrangements were made by the special committee, composed of Aldermen H. G. Allen, John H. Lee, and Edward W. Presho; Councilmen Stanley Ruffiu, J. H. Allston, Charles H. Hall, M. E. Gaddis, and M. T. Callahan, and Clerk of Committees James L. Hillard. Added interest was given to the services by the presence of Mrs. Frederick Douglass and Mr. Louis Douglass, the widow and eldest son of the eulogized, eminent colored orator.

21. Accidents in the Fog.-A thick blanket of fog enveloped the city and the surrounding districts this morning. and it was unusual in something besides its mere thickness and ocular impenetrability, for it carried with it possibilities of danger that the Fates did not fail to take advantage of, with the result that one of the worst electric-car collisions known since the system was introduced here happened in Medford, while a ferry-boat came to grief, and many minor accidents and delays happened in the harbor, and a passenger train at Newton crashed into a freight, and trains on all the railroads were badly delayed and confused.

There was a collision in Somerville as well as in Medford, two cars coming together with a crash on Elm street, near Hancock street. Although the passengers were roughly shaken up, nobody appeared to be hurt. One of

#### 1796.

riched with a tri-colored cravatte and a pair of tassels worked in gold and the three national colors. The flag is to be deposited in the archives of the United States.

5. Port of Boston.—The following is an authentic list of the vessels to and from foreign ports, which have arrived and cleared at the port of Boston from Jan. 1, 1795, to Dec. 31, 1795:—

ARRIVALS.		CLEARANCES,	
Ships,	96	Ships,	75
Barques,	5	Barques,	- 5
Snows,	9	Snows,	8
Polacre,	1		
Brigantines,	135	Brigantines,	137
Dogger,	1	Dogger,	1
Schooners,	262	Schooners,	313
Shallops,	1	Shallops,	1
Sloops,	65	Sloops,	47
Total	575		587

The Charitable Fire Society have acknowledged the receipt from the cidevant manager of six hundred dollars.
6. Mr. Copley.—Arrived brig Zephyer from London sixty days bringing as

from London, sixty days, bringing as passengers Capt. George Lane and Mr. Copley, son of the celebrated painter of that name.

Incendiaries are scattered over the whole continent, and attempts are made to burn the cities of Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, and the towns of Boston and Salem.

Wreck of the Margaret .- During a violent snowstorm about two o'clock the ship Margaret, Captain John Mackay, from Amsterdam, for and belonging to this port, was cast away near Baker's Island off Salem Harbor, and the captain, a Dutch gentleman passenger, one of the seamen, and the cabin boy were unfortunately drowned. The vessel immediately went to pieces, and it is supposed the cargo will be entirely lost. Among the survivors is Mr. James Lamb of this town, who is a part owner of the ship. Those who saved their lives did it by plunging into the swell, and were washed ashore, while those who sprang into the water when the surf was receding were drowned. The remains of the captain were brought

#### 1895.

the motormen was injured, but not dangerously.

26. Bulfinch State House Condemned.—Professor George F. Swain, the expert appointed to examine into the condition of the walls and several of the floors, and of the dome and its supports, in the old Bulfinch State House building, to-day reported to the State House construction commissioners, as ordered by the governor and council. The report was sent to the executive department early in the day, and this afternoon the council adopted the following order:—

Ordered, that the sergeant-at-arms be advised to permit no hearings to be held in the Green or Blue room until further ordered.

28. Rev. Edward Phelps Blodgett, during fifty-one years pastor of the Congregational Church in Greenwich, and one of the oldest clergymen in Massachusetts, died to-day at his home in Roslindale. His death was comparatively sudden, an attack of pneumonia having set in Friday, and his death occurring at noon the following day.

29. A Choir of Men and Women.—This morning's service in the little Church of the Ascension, 1906 Washington street, was notable for an interesting innovation in Episcopal choir music. For the first time in Boston, the music was sung by a choir composed of both young men and young women, the former dressed in the surplice and cassock, and the latter in mortar-board caps, large white collars covering the shoulders, and instead of the cassocks, plain black skirts.

30. Catholic Union.—The commodious and handsome new building of the Catholic Union, corner of Washington street and Worcester square, was dedicated with appropriate exercises this evening.

30. Armenian Relief.—The aldermanic chamber at City Hall was packed to its doors this noon when Courtenay Guild, Mayor Curtis' secretary, called to order a meeting in the interests of the Armenians of America to protest against the

to this port and interred. The shipping in the harbor hoisted their colors halfmast high as a mark of respect to the deceased.

7. Arnold Wells, Jun., Esq., is appointed president of the Massachusetts Fire Insurance Co., vice Jesse Putnam Esq. resigned, and Jonathan Mason, Jun., Esq., director, vice Arnold Wells president.

8. Water Communication Between the Lakes.—Experiments are being made to ascertain the practicability of opening a water communication between the Lakes and the sea, through the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers.

11. The President's March.—A disturbance happened in Philadelphia, in consequence of the orchestra in the theatre neglecting to play the "President's March," when it was called for by the audience. The audience was victorious.

Thomas Paine.—A late London paper states that the celebrated Thomas Paine died at the house of the American Minister at Paris of an abcess in his right side.

Wreck of the Captain Ward.—A brig, Captain Ward, owned by Captain Waters of Salem, was cast away on the island called Misery, between Salem and Cape Ann, and has gone to pieces. She was from London, and is supposed to have had a short passage, but there is no news of the crew who were taken off the island.

The Ship Industry, Captain Miles Barnes, belonging to Mr. Thomas Lewis of this town, from Liverpool bound to this port, was wrecked off Cape Ann on Salt Island. All hands were drowned, and their bodies being cast ashore were carried into the meeting-house of the First Parish in Gloucester, where an address was delivered by the Rev. Eli Forbes.

13. "Othello."—At the Boston Theatre will be performed a tragedy written by William Shakespeare, never performed here, called "Othello; Moor of Venice."

16. The State Debt.—It is to be hoped that the Representatives will improve this prosperous period to pay off the

outrages committed in Armenia by the Turks.

After a few introductory remarks by Mr. Guild, in which he stated that on account of illness Mayor Curtis was unable to be present, Mayor-elect Quincy was nominated to preside. After an address, he called upon Miss Barton to address the meeting. Miss Barton was received with enthusiastic applause. She will soon start for Turkey with money for the Armenians.

30. Immigrants in Boston.—Immigration Commissioner Delehanty to-day reports that about eight thousand more immigrants from transatlantic ports had arrived at Boston, during the closing calendar year, than had come to this port from the same sources in 1894.

The number of such persons who were landed by steamers this season was, roughly, 23,700; last year it was about 15,000, but that was a bad season at all ports in the United States. In 1893 the number was about 29,000.

#### January, 1896.

1. Fire Losses in Boston in 1895 .-During the close of the past year the fire insurance companies were busy figuring up the results of the business for the twelvemonth. For the first half of 1895 the premium receipts for Boston. as shown by the protective department report, amounted to \$1,680,155, which is a slight advance over the same period for 1894. On this basis, it is probable that the premium receipts of the year will be about \$3,000,000, but it must be borne in mind, when comparing this sum with the losses, that some of these premiums are for term policies, which have three or five years to run, and losses in future years until the policies mature will have to come out of them.

It has not been determined yet what the Boston losses for the whole year have been. Figures of losses have been made up for the first eleven months, as follows: January, \$111,823; February, \$43, 803; March, \$94,500; April, \$58,721; May, \$18,206; June, \$13,564; July, \$62,- 1796.

State debt, as far as circumstances will permit, and to establish, as perfectly as possible, the credit of our government.

19. Address of Gov. Samuel Adams .-Agreeably to arrangements the two branches convened at twelve o'clock in the Representatives Chamber, when his Excellency the governor, Samuel Adams, preceded by the sheriff of Suffolk, and accompanied by the secretary, came in and delivered his address. He said in the course of his speech: "I may never hereafter have an opportunity of publicly expressing my opinion on the Treaty lately made with the Court of London. I am therefore constrained, with all due respect to our constituted authorities, to declare that the Treaty appears to me to be pregnant with evil. It controls some of the powers specially vested in Congress for the people of this country as may not be consistent with general welfare."

20. The Embargo of all kinds of grain from Canada; is continued till September next.

Bells for Horses.-The inspector of police begs leave to remind his fellow citizens that, when snow is on the ground, the law demands bells to horses that are drawing carriages, whether sleighs, coaches, or others; it also forbids galloping horses through the streets. When the ground is covered with snow, the approach of horses not being heard, ordinary passengers, as well as the aged and infirm, are exposed; care and caution is recommended. Citizens from the country are requested to furnish themselves with bells, and be careful as they drive through the town. Citizens of the town are requested to secure their pumps from frost, and to keep a good lookout. Caution against fire is the idea.

United States Treasury.—The following is a brief summary of the monies paid into the Treasury of the United States in the year 1795, a detailed statement of which has been laid before the present Congress:-

For duties on merchandise and ton-

1896.

541; August, \$178,484; September, \$319,-054; October, \$37,144; November, \$95,-039. The estimate for December losses is \$30,000, which added to the above make the losses for the year just about \$1,000,000.

1. Boston Real Estate, 1895.-The year just closed and 1894 compare thus in permits for new buildings:-

	Brick.	Wood,	Total.
1895	538	2088	2626
1894	390	1721	2111
Increase	148	367	515

In round numbers, there were 2,600 permits for alterations issued. these, 980 were for brick structures, 1,593 for frames, 22 stone, and 5 iron. The estimated cost of the brick, stone, and iron buildings completed during the year was \$12,237,447, compared with \$2,855,590 a year ago; frame structures footed up \$5,934,045, against \$3,506,140, both showing a very large lead over 1894. The alterations are estimated at \$2,300,000, compared with \$2,077,792 in 1894.

1. Home for Homeless Girls .- Mother Prindle came on from New York to-day to be present at the opening of the new Florence Crittenton Home at No. 37 Court Street, the building formerly known as Moore's Hotel. The Crittenton homes have been established throughout the country by Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, the millionaire wholesale druggist of New York, who, having lost his four-year-old daughter by death, has immortalized her memory by founding twenty-three mission homes in her name, at a cost of half a million dollars. More than two hundred invitations were sent out for the opening last evening, and the chapel was crowded. The work has been started under the auspices of the Citizens' Rescue Board. of which Mr. O. E. Lewis is president, and he presided last evening.

1. Surprise in the Legislature.-The important happening in connection with the organization of the Legislature, to-day, was the defeat of Edward A. age, \$4,801,065.28. For duties on stills McLaughlin, for thirteen years clerk of

and spirits distilled in the United States, \$274,089.62. For revenue arising on postage of letters, etc., \$29,478.49. For dividends on capital stock in the Bank of the United States, \$303,472. For cents and half-cents coined at the mint of the United States, \$9,593.20. For proceeds of bills of exchange drawn on account of foreign houses, \$607,950.98. For proceeds of domestic loans, \$3,400,000. For repayment of monies advanced, \$12, 948.77.

Total, \$9,438,619.35.

27. Treaty with the Indians.-It requires the same powers and the same exercises of them to make a treaty with the Indians as with the English. We have had numberless treaties with the various nations which surround the United States, and yet, when the jaundiced eye of anti-federalism has not spared anything therein "pregnant with evil," nor discovered in their ratification any unconstitutional interference of the Legislative and executive powers, it was left for the Treaty with Great Britain to point out the "evil" which our Jacobins would fain make us believe has remained undiscovered till now. But when a victim is to be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up flaws sufficient to make the fire. The condition of the United States nowhere points out that amendments shall originate in the State Legislature. These bodies have the right to decide on them in their last stage, and when nine States concur they become a part of the Constitution.

The proceedings of Virginia, therefore, are unconstitutional, and ought, like the conduct of some more towns, to be avoided rather than imitated.

27. Poor Condition of the Roads,—Complaint is made regarding the condition of the roads. Heaps of dirt are piled on the road and left unspread to obstruct it, or spread for the first thunderstorm to whirl into the low grounds. Piles of stones are left to find beds for themselves after some years of hard grinding under the cart-wheels. The town of Dorchester has the first rank

the House of Representatives, and the election in his place of George T. Sleeper of Winthorp, by an A. P. A. vote. The change is greatly deplored by both parties, as Mr. McLaughlin is a man of experience and ability.

2. Oath of Office.—Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge of Lowell to-day took the oath of office for the third time as governor of the commonwealth, and Roger Wolcott of Boston, for the fourth time

as lieutenant-governor.

2. Prisons.—The account of the prison population in Massachusetts, January 1, 1896, prepared by F. G. Pettigrove, secretary of the commissioners of prisons, was completed to-day. The total prison population on January 1 was 7,843, divided as follows: In the county prisons, 3,421; in the Boston house of industry, 1,529; the Massachusetts reformatory, 998; state farm, 823; state prison, 730; the reformatory for women, 342.

3. Report of the Metropolitan Commission.—The report to the Legislature made to-day by the Metropolitan District Commission may be summed up as follows:—

That there is no manifest and general demand for the annexation of the other cities and the towns of the metropolitan district to Boston.

That it is desirable to simplify the now complicated systems of government of this metropolitan district by bringing all of its municipalities within the boundaries of a single county, this to have larger legislative and administrative powers than counties in this state have hitherto possessed.

4. The Tenants in the Flatiron, the triangular block bounded by Shawmut avenue, Tremont and Pleasant streets, which the transit commission has taken for the southerly incline of the subway, have been ordered to vacate their premises by February.

4. Board of Aldermen.—The last meeting of the board of aldermen took place at noon to-day. The board concurred in the order appropriating the 1796.

1896.

for its good roads. The Legislature is asked to give the matter attention.

Stage from Boston to Providence.—The fare on the stage-coach, Boston to Providence, is two dollars, and starts from Boston on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 A.M. Horses are regularly exchanged at Dedham, Walpole, and Attleborough, which gives a fresh set of horses every fifteen miles. Seats may be engaged at Colonel Colman's coffee house, State street.

30. Treaty with Spain.—The president, in his communication to Congress at the beginning of the session, gave his fellow-citizens cause to expect that an amicable treaty with Spain would speedily be completed. It was known to have been in negotiation for several years.

The Crops to westward have been excellent. But the fear of the fly prevented many farmers from sowing so much wheat as was intended.

The Western Army, now under Governor Williamson, are making preparations for taking possession of the "Western Ports" in June next. These ports being seven or eight in number will require the chief part of the army to garrison them; although, except at Detroit and those on Lake Champlain, there are not any settlements around them.

Payment of the New Emission Bill.— The payment of the New Emission Bills is asked. The bill reads: "The possessor of this bill shall be paid twenty (or other sum) Spanish milled dollars by the thirty-first day of December, 1786, with interest in like money at the rate of five per cent. per annum, by the State of Massachusetts." The State of Massachusetts has now four hundred thousand dollars in the bank, and it is thought she should pay after nine years.

A Canal from this harbor to Roxbury is in contemplation. Reciprocal benefits will result from this enterprise. In the enumeration of articles sent to and from this town and Roxbury are four thousand hogsheads of salt annually carted out, and eighty thousand barrels of provisions carted in.

sum of \$44,000 for furnishing the Public Library.

6. Mayor Josiah Quincy was inaugurated to-day. He is the third member of the distinguished Quincy family who has assumed the reins of government in Boston.

When Mr. Quincy arrived at City Hall and was shown into the mayor's office, he found there awaiting his arrival Mayor Curtis, ex-Mayors Martin, Prince, Green, and Hart, Chief Justice Field of the supreme court, Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, chaplain of the day, Corporation Counsel Bailey, City Solicitor Babson, City Treasurer Turner, Hon. Patrick Maguire, ex-Aldermen Lee and Allen, and Dr. Henry C. Bispham of South Boston.

6. A Cold Day.—Sunday, cold as it was, could only be classed as a chill compared with to-day. It was the coldest day in nine years, and only two other days in twenty-five years were colder. The lowest mark was ten degrees below.

6. Real Estate in Massachusetts.—The vastness of the real estate interests of this state is shown by the total assessed value, which is given by Secretary Olin's recently issued report as \$1,964,834,106. Of this amount, \$991,173,223 is on buildings, and \$973,660,883 on land alone. The total personal valuation, including resident bank stock, was only \$577,514,887. There were 404,388 dwellings assessed on May 1, 1895.

Place.	Dwellings.	Pop. per dwelling.
Boston	59,500	8.35
Cambridge	12,305	6.63
Newton	5,292	5.21
Brookline	2,385	6.94
Chelsea	4,926	6.34
Somerville	9,476	5.50
Everett	3,627	5.12
Milton	1,014	5.44
Lynn	10,386	6.00
Fall River	7.508	11.88

7. Consulting Architect.—In accordance with the intention announced in his inaugural, Mayor Quincy has appointed Mr. Francis W. Chandler, professor of architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to act

#### 1896,—Continued.

as consulting architect to the mayor in connection with the duty imposed upon the mayor by the amendments to the city charter, passed last year, of approving the selection of architects and the plans for all city buildings, and also in connection with the general duties devolving upon the mayor as the chief executive in relation to all the building operations of the city.

11. Rev. Minot J. Savage's resignation as pastor of the Church of the

Unity has been accepted.

11. John P. Spaulding, of the firm of Nash, Spaulding & Co., died at the United States Hotel this morning at 5.45 o'clock. He had been ailing with a stomach difficulty for the past fourteen weeks, but it was not thought it would terminate fatally. Later, hemorrhages developed, and for some time previous to his death his mind wandered. He had boarded at the United States Hotel for forty years.

 John L. Bremer, commission merchant, died at his Beacon Street residence at five o'clock this morning, aged

seventy-one years.

11. The Boston School Board of 1896 organized this evening with the choice of Isaac F. Paul as its president, after six ballots had been cast. The board was called to order at 7.45 by Willard S. Allen, the senior member.

13. Fishing Schooner Sunk.—The fishing schooner Fortuna of Gloucester was run down and sunk by the fruit steamer Barnstable off Highland Light this evening. Nine of the fisherman's crew were drowned, the others, fourteen in number, being picked up by the colliding vessel.

14. Hon. Martin Brimmer, one of the most widely known and public-spirited citizens of Boston, died to-night at his city residence, 47 Beacon Street.

Hon. Martin Brimmer was born in Boston in 1830. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was mayor of this city in 1843. The elder Brimmer was an ardent advocate of prison re form, and of popular education, for the

furtherance of which latter interest he caused to be printed, at his own expense, and distributed among all the public schools of the state an edition of 3,500 copies of "The Schoolmaster," a work produced by Alonzo Potter and George B. Emerson.

His son, the subject of this sketch, received his early education from private tutors. He entered Harvard at the age of sixteen, and was found to be sufficiently proficient in learning to begin the course with the sophomore, or second year class. He received his degree of bachelor of arts, and was graduated with the class of 1849. Mr. Brimmer subsequently read law, but he had never practised.

15. Poor Fishing.—The year 1895 was the most disastrous of any previous year to the fishing industry of Provincetown, and, in fact, of the whole of

Cape Cod.

16. Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, for over fifty years one of the ablest and most prominent of Massachusetts citizens, died to-day at 8.10 P.M. of pneumonia, at his home in Cambridge. A widow, four sons, and three daughters survive him.

18. Legal Voters.—The number of legal voters in the state is 560,802, and these figures, divided by forty, the number of senatorial districts, gives as a basis or representation for each senator 14,020 legal voters. In the division made ten years ago the basis was 11,065. Suffolk county is entitled to no gain in senatorial representation. The number of legal voters in this country is 123,102. To be entitled to nine senators, the present representation, Suffolk county should have 126,-180 legal voters. She is short 3,178 voters on her present representation. Literally, she is entitled to eight senators, and has 10,942 for another. In the apportionment now in effect, ward 3, Cambridge, is a part of one of the Suffolk districts.

19. Hon. John B. Alley, one of Lynn's foremost and wealthiest citizens, died at his Nahant street residence at 1.30

#### 1896.

A.M. of paralysis. He suffered a shock two years ago, and had been confined to his bed for a year. Four children survive him: John S., a Boston business man, who lives in Newton; William H., who lives in Chicago; Emma, unmarried, and Mary, married to Geo. S. Shorey of Lynn. His wife died a year ago.

20. Tax Commissioner's Report.—The tax commissioner and commissioner of corporations submitted his annual report to the Legislature to-day. It is the report of the proceedings of the department for the year ending Dec. 31, 1895. The whole amount of taxes assessed under chap. 13, Public Statutes (taxation of corporations), general list, was \$3,642,087.01; on coal mining, quarrying, and oil companies, \$4,885.60; on foreign railroad companies, \$26,749; aggregate of assessments, \$3,673,721.61.

20. Municipal Appointments.—John R. Murphy, water commissioner, Thomas W. Flood, commissioner of wires, Conrad J. Rueter, trustee Boston City Hospital, were the appointments and nominations sent to the board of aldermen at its meeting this afternoon by Mayor Quincy.

20. Charles Frederic Williams, the managing editor of the last eight volumes of the American and English Encyclopædia of Law, died this morning at the Massachusetts General Hospital. His death was due to paralysis and heart failure, following a serious attack of grip from which he suffered last spring. Mr. Williams was born in Charlestown, Oct. 31, 1842, being the

A.M. of paralysis. He suffered a shock eldest son of Frederick J. and Abby two years ago, and had been confined Tufts Williams.

21. Landing of the Pilgrims.—At the 275th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, celebrated at Plymouth today, Senator Hoar delivered an eloquent oration, and Mr. R. H. Stoddard told the old story of the Pilgrims in verse.

21. House of Representatives.—Speaker Thomas B. Reed of the House of Representatives appointed the following New England members chairmen of their respective committees:—

Nelson Dingley, Jr., Maine—Ways and Means. Joseph H. Walker, Mass.—Banking and Currency. Charles A. Boutelle, Maine—Naval Affairs. Samuel W. McCall, Mass.—Elections Committee No. 3. William F. Draper, Mass.—Committee on Patents. Elijah A. Morse, Mass.—Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic. Lewis D. Apsley, Mass.—Committee on Manufactures. Seth L. Milliken, Maine—Public Buildings and Grounds. H. Henry Powers, Vt.—Committee on Pacific Railroads.

22. Misrepresented Their Age.—There is consternation and great solicitude among that portion of the fire and police service known as the new—that is, the men who have become firemen and policemen since the organization of the civil service commission.

It has been ascertained that some of these officers misrepresented their age when applying for examination. Investigations have been made and discharges ordered by the civil service commissioners

### Authors and Books

"The Charlatan," by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray, is one of the strongest attacks upon the numerous class of impostors professing hypnotic or other mysterious power, that has yet been published. Do not misunderstand us in saying that it scoffs at theosophy or hypnotism, far from it; but it exposes the methods of the impostors who may be found in all religions and professions, which exposure detracts in no degree from the loftiness of thoughts possible in those whose beliefs are sincere, or those whose integrity has stood the test. On the contrary, the elimination of humbugs and charlatans from the ranks of the faithful, through the efforts of inquiring minds, cannot be otherwise than salutary.

The story is founded on the drama of the same name, which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1894, and is still meeting with success in the provinces, while the story, after abpearing serially in newspapers, is now for the first time republished in book form. [New York: F. Tennyson Neely.]

As indicated in the general title, "Half Round the World," by Oliver Optic, it is the author's intention to conduct the readers of this entertaining series "around the world." As a means to this end, the hero of the story, Louis Belgrave, a young millionaire, purchases a steamer which he names "The Guardian Mother," and with a number of guests she proceeds on her voyage. In the present volume the vessel sails from the Nickobar Islands to Rangoon, down the coast of Burma and the Malay Peninsula to the islands of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. A space on the promenade deck had been fitted up as a conference room, in which matters of interest were discussed and much information imparted in regard to the countries visited. While conveying this useful knowledge, Mr. Adams never loses sight of the fact that the young people expect from him an interesting story, full of exciting incident, and this element is supplied by the adventures of the few young men of the party on the vessel as well as at the various points visited. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.25.]

A school manual proclaiming brevity as its most conspicuous merit does not commend itself to any one with any pretensions to scholarship, and most persons will be unjustly prejudiced against "The First Greek Book" by its size, which is small. In reality, its diminished volume is the logical result of the adoption of a new aim-the substitution of Greek reading for Greek composition as the pupil's goal. The change makes an immense number of English Greek exercises entirely unnecessary, and as the authors presuppose moderate acquaintance with Latin, instruction in identical forms is also omitted, and the dual number goes into the appendix. However, the verb is first studied, and then the "o" declension of nouns, so that the student learns his adjectives in the natural order, instead of being compelled to piece his paradigms together for himself. It is true that this task ought to be easy for him, but it is not, and very few are those who will see the resemblances between the Greek and Latin until shown them, as they are in this book.

The authors of the work are Mr. Gleason and Miss Atherton of the Roxbury Latin school, and it has an excellent introduction from the pen of Mr. Collar, who shows its perfect adaptation to the present theories of teaching Greek, and says that he does not know what it contains that could be spared, nor what he should wish to see in such a manual that it does not include. This is approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley. ["The

First Greek Book." New York: American Book Company.

A small edition of the story of "Essie" was originally privately printed for gifts to the author, Laura Dayton Fessenden's, intimate friends, but its merits were such that, although the edition was long since exhausted, the demand for it has steadily increased. This demand the publishers hope to supply by this beautiful illustrated edition. This stirring love story (for such it is) is told in pleasing rhyme, the action being lively and the plot developing rapidly. It is a story of two continents, the typical American girl, transplanted into the midst of the English aristocracy, giving the impressions created and experienced by her, with the inevitable conclusion, in a bright and breezy style which is very taking. The attractiveness of the poem has been enhanced by sixteen illustrations by J. H. Vanderpoel, who has caught the spirit of the tale, and has been very successful in interpreting it. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50.]

In "Elementary Lessons in Zoology," by James G. Needham, M.S., instructor in Zoology, Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., and "School Zoology," by Margaretta Burnet, teacher of biology, Woodward High School, Cincinnati, we have two capital text-books on this science. The aim of the first is to put the student in the way of acquiring for himself a knowledge of animal life and structure. All the work outlined has been tested in the class-room and repeatedly performed by the author. The book is undoubtedly admirably adapted to meet the purpose for which it was designed. "School Zoology" has been prepared to interest the student in a manner similar to the plan of the preceding book. The author believes students should be encouraged to observe living animals, to study their habits, to collect such specimens as can be preserved or dissected. The student is very intelligently and clearly instructed throughout, and copious illustrations contribute to make more easy of acquisition the lessons of the text. [New York: The American Book Co.]

"Studies in the Thought World; or, Practical Mind Art," by Henry Wood, deals with thought-education, mental science, and spiritual evolution in their practical aspects. Their restorative forces are explained and applied to human life. No one can read this book without receiving a great mental and spiritual uplift. Mr. Wood is an original thinker and an idealist, and has the faculty of presenting vital topics in a marvellously graphic and interesting manner. The higher unfoldment of man is ably treated from the scientific standpoint. The moulding power of thought, and its systematic exercise as related to health and happiness, are also clearly set forth.

As with his other works, which have had a wide circulation, the literary construction is extremely felicitous. Thinkers have a treat in this work, and when once begun one's interest increases to the end. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.25.]

Perhaps the best delineation of the brilliant woman who worships exclusively at the "Altar of Mammon" comes to us in the shape of Violet Hunt's story in scenes, entitled "A Hard Woman." In Mrs. Ferdinand Munday we see a beautiful, dispassionate creature. whose one ambition is for position. She has snubbed her family for social preferment. She has married her husband for his place in society. She has sacrificed her honesty in money matters, that more might be spent to gratify her ambition. The story itself has been made subordinate to the unfolding of this character, and the author has succeeded in creating exactly what the title expresses, "A Hard Woman." The good traits of Lydia, such as the bravery with which she confronts death, assist to emphasize the unattractive ones, and carry conviction of the possibility of the character. The style of the writing, partly descriptive and partly dramatic, is novel and interesting. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

Of all the books of wonderful adventures that have originated in the brains of an author, "The Shiek's White Slave" must bear off the prize. Raymond Raiffe has not only shown himself a writer of great originality, but he has shown that he has the ability to write a story that fairly fascinates the lover of exciting literature.

It is the story of a white man or boy who was captured and sold as a slave to an Arab robber chief, and through whose means were unravelled the mysteries of the temple Djaramos, the city of the desert. The particulars of the story we have not space at this time to describe, but it has all the elements of a capital book of adventures. [New

York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.1

Miss Nora Perry, who wrote "Hope Benham," has given us another enjoyable book for young people, entitled "A Flock of Girls and Boys." Miss Perry's writings show that the author has a very warm spot in her heart for young people, and, better still, that she understands them. All the eleven stories in this attractive volume testify to this. From "That Little Smith Girl" through the book to "The Thanksgiving Guest" the stories are sincere, refreshing, and uplifting. In all respects Miss Perry here sustains her former reputation as a writer of children's classics. [Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

Like all of Mr. Trowbridge's books for youth, "The Lottery Ticket" tells a most wholesome story, while it possesses much dramatic interest. The temptations surrounding Weber Lockridge are similar to those which have to be met by many young men entering upon a business life, and, told in the author's delightful style, the story is one that cannot fail to have an elevating influence on the career of all young people who read it. It originally appeared as a serial in the Youth's Companion, but in its present form it is considerably enlarged; several chapters and parts of chapters have been added in order to introduce scenes deemed needful for a satisfactory completion of the narrative, but which could not be conveniently brought within the limited space allowed to serials in the Companion. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00.1

A complication of "secrets" which has been made by Dr. N. T. Oliver has

It contains recipes which have been heretofore unobtainable, and gives directions for marking three thousand commodities ranging from ice-creams to explosives. Those connected with the farm, dairy, household, laboratory, and pharmacy will be benefited by the book's directions. In fact, the publishers name it as adapted to every department of human endeavor. [Chicago: Laird & Lee.]

In the volume entitled "Margaret and Her Friends," which includes ten reported conversations with Margaret Fuller upon the mythology of the Greeks and its expression in art, by Caroline W. Healey, one gets many sayings of the noted men and women of her time that have never been in print before. These conversations were held from March 1, 1841, forward, at the house of Rev. George Ripley, in Bedford Place, Boston. Mr. Emerson was present at three of these meetings in Bedford Place. Though delicate in health and much over-taxed, Margaret Fuller, in 1839, consented to gratify many who loved her by opening in Boston a series of "Conversations for Women." She says, in a circular quoted by Emerson, that she should think the undertaking a noble one that would assemble an earnest circle, desirous to answer the questions, "What were we born to do?" and "How shall we do it?" This was the original intent of the "Fuller Conversations." Beginning at the date named, they were continued at intervals until Margaret left Boston for New York in 1844. Under the forms suggested by mythology, she proceeded to open all the great questions of life. She acknowledged that, in a literary sense, she knew little about the doings on Olympus, and that she had received no help from German critical works. The attraction of these Conversations was due first to the absolute novelty of her theme to many of those she addressed, and still more to the variety and freshness of her own treatment. The opening, at the Athenæum, of the collection of casts, and many private collections of pictures, engravings, gems, and miniature casts had inbeen entitled "Lee's Priceless Recipes." tensely interested her, and both her

mind and fancy were absorbed in the contemplation of their themes. She depicted what she had gained from art, rather than the little that she had acquired through study. Her supremacy was evident in the impulse she gave to the minds of younger women. It was the wish of her family that these pages should be printed. No one of the class seemed to understand how sincere and deep was her interest in the theme. About thirty persons usually attended. ["Margaret and Her Friends." By Caroline W. Healey. Boston: Roberts Brothers.]

"Eunice Quince" is a story of how Miss Sarah made a true woman of merry-hearted, mischievous Eunice Quince. It begins on one October afternoon at four o'clock in front of Mr. Lamson's store. It runs through many quaint chapters of character drawing in the quaint New England village of Queenston. The old New England dialect, the whims and fancies of a people who never stir outside their native town, and their distinct aversion to any change of the routine of their lives, are admirably treated. To counterbalance all this, a spirited girl with a will of her own is made a breathlessly attractive heroine. Around her centre activities enough of her own creation to make the most ordinary story radiant and fascinating. Both characters and incidents are anything but prosy, though typically representative of the seclusion of New England village life. [New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.]

The primary object of Canon Tristram's rambles through Japan was to master thoroughly the position of missionary work in the Land of the Rising Sun, especially that of the Church Missionary Society, and to ascertain the practical working Buddhism as compared with the Buddhism of China and Ceylon. During this visit he kept a daily journal, written without any view to publication. But, shortly after his return, the eyes of the whole world were suddenly fixed upon Japan and its unexpected display of military genius and power, and it was suggested to him that his notes might be of interest, not only lins" is replete with charming bits of

as describing some parts of the country seldom visited by foreigners, but as touching topics not generally dealt with by previous writers. These notes he has published in his book entitled "Rambles in Japan." The author had special advantages in being accompanied by his daughter who, during her many years' residence in the country, had become familiar with the language and the customs. Very few objects of interest escaped the watchful eye of Canon Tristram, even the flora and fauna of the land being described as only could a naturalist of his experience. As a book of travel it is very interesting, while the numerous beautiful illustrations from photographs and sketches add much to its value. [New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$2.00.]

The "Technique of Sculpture" is the title of a valuable book from the pen of the celebrated sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, in which is given a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of sculpture. Suggestions have been made that may prove useful even to advanced students, although the author had in mind, mainly, the thought of furnishing a guide to beginners. A brief account has been given of the history of sculpture from prehistoric times, in order that the student might know how sculpture came to be, what the world has produced in this art, and what principles have guided the great masters.

The whole process of the art, from the working of the clay to the execution in bronze and marble, has been gone over; sketches have been made especially for this book, designated to illustrate the difficult processes which it is next to impossible to describe by word alone. These drawings were made by Charles M. Sheldon and Vesper L. George. [Boston: Ginn & Company. \$1.00.]

"The Jucklins" by Opie Read may well be claimed by its author as his greatest literary effort. In many respects it is the most remarkable of all his delightful books. His characters are always natural, and his theories of conduct irreproachable. "The Jucksentiment and overflowing with crisp, sparkling humor. "Guinea" is a sweet, life-like portrait one must needs admire, while old Lim (her father) is as jolly an old gentleman as one may hope to meet. [Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.00]

"A Monk of Fife," by Andrew Lang, is a fascinating romance of the days of d'Arc. We hardly Jeanne whether to call this work an historical romance or a story of adventure, but as the facts were obtained by the author from the manuscript in the Scots College of Ratisbon, probably the former class is the proper one in which to place it. It is not only a good story but good literature, which combined makes as good a tale of adventure as any one need ask for. In it we follow the wonderful career of the Maid of Orleans through her battles against the English, to the sad ending of her pure life at the stake. The story is one that will immediately captivate the reader and hold his attention to the very last line in the book. [New York; London: Longmans, Green & Co.]

F. Tennyson Neely has issued a handsome paper edition of "A Daughter of the King," by Alien-thus giving to the public an admirable opportunity to become acquainted with a remarkably strong story. It is detailed as "an answer to 'The Story of an African Farm'" and is the product of an exquisitely-rounded mental strength as well as of true spiritual potency. It is a masterly analysis of a human lifeproblem dealing with the deepest emotions, and touching straight on the core of all essential feeling, all essential thought. It is a grand book, a deeply absorbing story, and will invigorate and strengthen a host of perplexed hearts and minds. Its firm, artistic fibre, its truth of assertion, its sincerity of outlook, its keenness of inlook, its so, so thorough understanding of the wellsprings and outcomes of the passions of the universe-all appeal to the breadths of one's nature, the expanses of one's tried feelings.

This story of a woman's storm-tossed life is one of the grandest songs on life's harp we have ever read; it stimulates one's hopes, intensifies one's desires, and interests one's soul because of its universal applicability in the essentials of the self-struggles. It is a story of genuine character-building, with true love as its central topic. It is a beautiful entity—a living, throbbing being in itself, expressing all life's longings, its doubtings, its sufferings, its triumphings; and illustrating in its climax how surely do the buffetings of circumstance and the blind decisions of our ignorance all work together toward the final enlightening of our intelligence and the subjection of self to the all conquering power of the true Christlove. [New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.]

While the growth of the smaller towns and farming communities has been checked, and streams from the country continue to swell the great and stormy ocean of city life, there are many signs that the love of nature is not dying out. While hard material conditions are driving men cityward, an appreciation of the beauty and picturesqueness of old-time farm-life was perhaps never more prevalent than now.

How many, now relieved from bodily discomforts and privations, see more clearly than in their younger days the real charm of rural life. The hardships are softened by the mists of years, and sweet memories tell them that, with all the gain, much has been lost. Many longings for a simpler and more natural existence manifest themselves.

To all such as have had this experience, as well as to all lovers of home and rural life, this choice selection from the poets embraced in the volume entitled "Poems of the Farm," will appeal. Mr. Alfred R. Eastman shows his poetic judgment in the selection of the poems as well as in his choice of subject for illustration, the many drawings giving new force and beauty to the verse. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$2.50.]

The volume entitled "Keats. Selections from Poems." Edited, with in-

troduction and notes by Arlo Bates, is meant to contain whatever of the work of Keats is of real worth, both of the poems published during his life-time and those printed posthumously. They are arranged with regard to their interest, and an earnest effort has been made to render the text intelligible and permanent by a careful collation of authorities and a uniformity of orthography. The introduction gives a brief sketch of the poet's life and a critical estimate of his work. The notes explain briefly the numerous mythological allusions and whatever passages are obscure, but their chief aim is to aid the student to appreciate the literary beauty of the poems, and to help to a genuine and intimate knowledge of their imaginative value. [Boston: Ginn & Company.]

Readers who are familiar with "A Spinster's Leaflets" and "A Hilltop Summer" will find in the sketches contained in the book by Alyn Yates Keith entitled "Aunt Billy," the characteristic qualities of the author's previous work. "Aunt Billy," "A Wayside Character," "A Day of Days," and "Miss Hetty," are all delightful sketches which seem to bring with them a breath of fresh air from the country, while "The Desultory Club" discusses in a manner appropriate to its name a variety of topics of special interest to thoughtful women. Uncle Billy, Mehitabel Prince, Dan'l, and the others, are all denizens of some New England village with which we are acquainted, but some of us fail to recognize the picturesque side of country life, so full of mingled humor and pathos, unless it is presented with the skill and charm possessed by the author of these interesting sketches. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.25.]

"The History of Oratory, from the Age of Pericles to the Present Time," by Professor Sears of Brown University, purports to give a connected account of the origin and growth of oratory as an art and as a science—especially of Forensic, Deliberative, and Patristic oratory—and shows that

there is a philosophy of discourse based on mental and moral action, and exemplified in the successes and failures of representative orators through many centuries. The general principles of public speaking are given, with some conception of its highest attainments.

It is believed that no other work has attempted to give the art, the science, and the philosophy of oratory in a single volume, thus making this book of more than ordinary value to clergymen, lawyers, and public speakers of every description. The sound scholarship of its author should make it especially available for use by students of oratory in the larger universities and colleges. [Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.]

Dr. Max Nordau is both a scholar and philosopher, a scholar without being pedantic, and a philosopher without being cynical. In the "Comedy of Sentiment" we have a group of interesting characters, stirring incidents, and dramatic situations with the scholar presiding over all. The dialogue is very clever, and the book is in the highest degree interesting; and the conclusion of it is that a sensible man ought to tell himself that he must necessarily be the dupe if he plays a comedy of sentiment with a woman. In that she is always his superior. [New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson

One of the stories told in "Stolen Souls," by William Le Queux leads most naturally to another, as rain runs from one row of shingles to the next one below it. The author's ingenuity and invention are truly marvellous. The reader wonders when and how they will stop. There is nothing profound in "Stolen Souls," but none the less they entertain, and that is what the large majority want and need. The foundation ground of the fiction between these covers is mostly Russian. in which secret societies and Anarchists are confounded and compounded to the reader's horror at times and to his surprise continually. Yet the horror is a fascinating one. It is not at all unpleasant. The tales are strange

indeed, and as strangely told. They all tinues his acquaintance with Deck lead up to a climax, which yields wonderful effects, but they are not in any sense nightmares for the reader, but high wrought entertainment rather. The whole is a semi-deluge of sensationalism to which few will raise objection. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.]

"The Campaign of Trenton," 1776-7, by Samuel Adams Drake, deals with the military operations beginning at New York, August, 1776, and ending at Morristown, January, 1777, often regarded as the critical period of the Revolution. Colonel Drake says: "The military, political, and moral effects of the brilliant finish to what had been a losing campaign, in which almost each succeeding day ushered in some new misfortune, were prodigious. But neither the importance nor the urgency of this masterly counter-stroke, to the American cause, can be at all appreciated, or even properly understood, unless what had gone before is fully brought to light."

With the aid of hitherto unused materials the author has constructed a more full, impartial, and satisfactory narrative of this remarkable campaign than heretofore has been practicable. It will be found a most telling contribution to the series of Decisive Events. [Boston: Lee & Shepherd. Price 50

In "A Lieutenant at Eighteen," by Oliver Optic, the reader not only conLyon and the other principal characters of "The Blue and the Grey-On Land," but is introduced to many new ones. Our hero has been promoted to the rank of second lieutenant and assigned to the first company under Captain Gordon.

In command of the second platoon of this company, while scouting in the advance of the army, then concentrating, he has several encounters with both partisan bands and regular Confederate cavalry and shows the same bravery and good strategy as he exhibited in the preceding volumes.

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Stirring events follow each other in quick succession during the advance of General Thomas's army against General Zollicoffer; and the battle of Mill Springs, defeat of the Confederate army, with the loss of their leader, and their final retreat, are fully described.

Our hero has plenty of opportunity to take part in all these operations, and does so to the satisfaction of his superior officers. The wonderful marksmanship of the Kentucky Riflemen, a detachment of whom are annexed to Deck's command, is fully shown.

For his good sense, gallant conduct, and all the qualities which go towards the making of a good soldier, all displayed under the eyes of a superior officer, Deck is promoted to a first lieutenant, and assigned to the staff of General Woodbine. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50.]

J. J. Arakelyan, Printer, 295 Congress Street.

A CARD FROM

## JOHN ROBIE, ESO.

A Court Officer at the Court House, Pemberton Square,

### To Sufferers from Rupture or Hernia.

For several years I had a bad Rupture, and was compelled to wear a truss to retain the parts, and even For several years I had a bad Rupture, and was compelled to wear a truss to retain the parts, and even with that on, I experienced often great pain and severe weakness. About two months ago I placed myself under the care of DR. LIGHTHILL, 543 Boylston Street, and I am happy to testify that he succeeded in curing my Rupture completely without a surgical operation or even one hour's loss of time, by a practically painless method of his own, which I consider a wonderful boon to such sniferers. I earnestly advise the Ruptured to apply to Dr. Lighthill for relief, and I am confident they will obtain the same happy result as I did. I am 79 years of age, have lived here since I was 16 years old, and am a court officer at the Court House, Pemberton Square, where I will be pleased to see any one interested. JOHN ROBIE.

30 Sanford Street, Ward 24. Boston, Dec. 17, 1895.

## PILES

Radically Cured Without a Surgical Operation.

Statement from G. H. CARVER, ESO., 3 Glovers Place, Dorchester.

My wife has been a great sufferer from bleeding piles for 15 years, which of late ulcerated, causing such intense pain that she could rest neither day or night. I was advised to have them removed by a surgical operation, but I dreaded such a severe measure and its after-effect, and hearing of Dr. Lighthill's method of operation, but I dreaded such a severe measure and its after-enext and the such absorption, concluded to employ that gentleman, and I am thankful that I did so, for his first application absorption, concluded to employ that gentleman, and I am such as a perfect cure was effected. In recommending Dr. Lighteman and I am sure of conferring a great favor upon them.

G. H. CARVER.

No testimonial will be published unless by the patient's desire.

## Weak Lungs and the Early Stage of Consumption.

The following statement is selected from many others to demonstrate the fact of the above.

From MR. A. DURGIN, an Employe of the Boston Post Office.

Boston, Jan. 18, 1895.

To the Public:

A chronic catarrhal and bronchial affection, which withstood all medical aid, undermined my system until A chronic catarrial and bronchard affection, which withstood all medical and, undermined my system until my Lungs became seriously involved. I lost flesh and strength, a severe cough distressed me during the day-time and kept me awake nearly the whole night. My expectorations were profuse and night sweats greatly debilitating. Hoarseness, pains in my chest, and shortness of breath, convinced me that the early stage of consumption was upon me, and I was completely discouraged. A friend, alarmed at my condition, urged me to consult Dr. Lighthill. I did so, and thank God for it. His wonderful treatment acted like magic upon me. I began to improve, and with this improvement hope returned. Gradually my cough left me; the expectorations ceased. I grew stronger, gained flesh very rapidly; in twenty days I gained 17½ pounds, feeling better and stronger from day to day until my health was fully restored.

This really remarkable cure was performed nearly nine years ago, and up to this I have remained perfectly well and have attended to my duties every day. My residence is at 7 Antrim Street, Cambridgeport, but I am

every day at the Boston Post-office.

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DR. LIGHTHILL 543 BOYLSTON STREET, opp. Trinity Church.

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## With the Publisher

Our readers will be grieved to learn that Mr. James C. Johnson, writer of the many valuable articles treating of old Boston, which have been published in the *Bostonian*, died at his heme, 5 Washington Street, Winchester, Mass., after a short illness, December 25th.

James Chauncey Johnson was born in Middlebury, Vt., seventy-five years ago. At the age of seven he was brought to Boston by his parents, and here enjoyed the advantages of the public schools. When about twenty years old Mr. Johnson went to Germany, where he became thoroughly educated in music, both instrumental and vocal.

Returning to Boston, he began to teach, and was connected in his labors with A. N. Johnson, a brother. He was very successful, and his exhibitions in those days were memorable events. For a long time Mr. Johnson was organist at the Park Street Church. He had served as supervisor of music in public schools in several places in this State, but his best work has probably been done in connection with a Boston publishing house, where he did a great deal of translation and also arranging of music and composition of melodies. In the Orphans' Home in this city he was musical instructor for nearly a quarter of a century, and he did the work without charge.

Mr. Johnson went to Winchester in 1850, and has made that town his home ever since, living lately on Washington Street. He was organist for a long period of time in the Congregational Church of that town, also instructor of music in the public schools, and had served on the school board. About forty-five years ago Mr. Johnson was married to Lucy B. Blanchard of this city. No children survive. Mr. Johnson was a member of William Parkman Lodge, F. and A. M., Winchester; Royal

Arch Chapter, Woburn; the Old School Boys' Association, and the Bostonian Society.

The veteran music writer became connected with the music publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co. about twenty-five years ago. He had charge of the advertising of the firm, and was an expert in that line. As a proofreader and translator from German and Italian he was very proficient. He retired from active labor four years ago.

The generous use of Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol in our public and private buildings would no doubt prevent much of the sickness now prevalent. As an antiseptic, disinfectant, insecticide, and bactericide, it is endorsed by the Massachusetts General Hospital and many of the leading physicians of the state. It is manufactured by the Sulpho-Napthol Company, 687 Washington Street, Boston.

For the past three months it has been our desire to complete arrangements whereby the type pages of the Bostonian could be set up by machine. There were many obstacles to overcome before the desired results could be obtained, but we are glad to say that the current number of this magazine is a beautiful illustration of what can be accomplished by the wonderful machines invented to produce printed matter. In our March number we will more fully explain the workings of the machines and appliances employed to produce the Bostonian. The article will be fully illustrated, in order that our readers may understand and appreciate the vast influences at work to completely revolutionize the making of magazines and newspapers.

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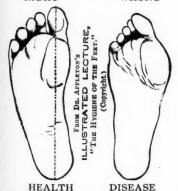
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Co., 16 Central Wharf, Boston, manu- the best equipped institutions of its facturer of the "Uncle Dudley," union kind in the State. Mr. E. H. Hill, the made five-cent cigar, goes on record with the statement that the material from which the "Uncle Dudley" Cigar is made represents greater value than any five-cent cigar ever placed on the market.

Ine breeders of fancy pigeons, as well as all who are interested in these pretty birds, are greatly pleased with our illustrations of pigeons in the January number. In speaking of this feature, the Pigeon News says: "The idea of having pigeons photographed seems to be the fad just now, and we shall expect to see many fine cuts reproduced during the coming year. The halftones which appeared in the last number of the Bostonian are a revelation to the fanciers of this country.

The Stieff Grand and Upright Pianos are faultless in construction. The perfect action, remarkable singing tone, easy but elastic touch, combined with great power, makes them one of the most perfect pianos manufactured today. These pianos are sold in Boston by Gardner & Osgood, 156 A Tremont Street, where our readers will do well to call if they are interested in these instruments.

We have secured the photographs of a number of fowl which received the first prize at the recent Poultry Show in Boston. We feel confident that these pictures will be as interesting as those of the pigeons and cats already illustrated in the Bostonian.

Ladies and gentlemen who desire the healthful exercise obtained by horseback riding will find at Hill's riding school, 91 West Dedham street, one of

proprietor, is too well known to need an introduction from us.

The Boston & Albany R.R. has improved its already excellent train service to New York by the addition of a train leaving Boston at 12:00 noon, arriving at 5:30 P.M. The trip is made in only five and one-half hours, and without any excess fare. Drawingroom car seats one dollar each. The same company has also equipped its 4:00 P.M. train with entirely new vestlbuled drawing-room cars, coaches, and baggage-cars, built to order by the Pullman Company; so that there are no finer trains running in the country for the accommodation of all classes of travel. The return service from New York is at the same hours, and the same general excellence prevails.

There should be a law compelling owners of buildings having slanting roofs to have them provided with snow guards. We believe that the little appliance manufactured by the Folsom Snow Guard Co., 178 Devonshire Street, is the best of the kind.

There is no factor in the spreading of disease, of such a silent but potent nature, as the metal bath-tub, and the old saying, that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is doubly appreciable in the matter of life and death. If the danger of contracting contagious diseases from the metal tub can be easily obviated, a long step indeed has been accomplished for the preservation of life, and we know of nothing that fills this long-felt want as the "American Porcelain" manufactured and supplied by the American Chemical Co. of 116 Bedford Street, Boston.

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MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, Commanding United States Army.